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POEMS

P O E M S

ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED

INCLUDING

THE FIRST ILIAD OF HOMER

BY

W. G. T. BARTER ESQ.



LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1850

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DEDICATION.

THIS rough garland of ill-assorted flowers,
Whose growth, through many years
Hath whiled some vacant, and some anx-
ious hours,

And some bedewed with tears ;
To thee, dear Ann, I dedicate,
Who didst, with partial eye of late,
View them as scattered and unsunn'd they lay.
Nor heeding what reluctance might gainsay
Wouldst drag them to the light of day.



775478



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PREFACE.

POETRY is a drug, and a preface a bore, and yet here we have the twofold abomination. The drug-character of poetry is a truism of some standing and yet not true: truism as touching all middling versifying in all its various degrees downwards, including the present volume; but false, as spoken of true poetry which can never relax its hold upon man's heart, while hope, fear, love, the feelings and the passions, house therein. Witness the world-wide sensation kindled whenever some master-spirit takes the lyre in hand

Such deep heart-haunting wonder as hath won
By his weird songs the gifted Tennyson.

With this passing protest on the qualified sense in which the poetry-drug dogma should be taken, may I be allowed to show cause for obtruding the double infliction, and explain first, wherefore the present volume at all? and secondly, wherefore with a preface? To which will the candid reader accept the following for an answer? If the volume please him, he will

hardly be severe on its author; and if on the contrary he deem it trash, he will be perfectly safe in concluding that the luckless writer had very urgent motives for thus exposing himself. And indeed urgent motives they were, though of no interest to the public, that overcame my reluctance to appearing in print. But once in print, some account of what the reader had to expect seemed necessary. And so the preface is accounted for. In this respect, feeling myself like the parent who would rather have kept his young hopeful at home, but, finding that he needs must abroad upon a perilous voyage, sets in right earnest about the sorry task of his outfit. Indeed the sea is no ill type of literature. Fair weather and a smooth surface is constantly tempting a thousand vessels to put from the shore, and gaily they go under canvass for a time. Each man sailor-like in love with his own. But anon the whitening waves announce a change, and criticism with its rough blasts comes, sweetening the else stagnant atmosphere, to tempest the ocean, and scattering them to the four winds, tries which be sea-worthy. The well timbered vessels ride it out, the crazy ones alone founder. Nor will my opinion on this head be altered by a rude North-wester sinking my little craft. Meanwhile let me give some account of the freight. This consists of original poems and translations. The former are, it will be seen, chiefly occasional, and certainly were not written with the remotest idea of publication. If liked they need no comment,

and if otherwise, nothing I might say could remove the impression — “*Non ragioniam di lor.*” Of the translations, a word or two may not be out of place to show what the translator had in view, that he may not incur the critical reader’s censure for not effecting what he has not attempted, as well as falling short of what he has. The first and chief is a close version of the First Iliad of Homer in the Spenserian Stanza. A close version as far as stress of rhyme permitted, which the reader needs not be informed, is sometimes rather severe in that form of verse. Then why that stanza it may be asked? And much might be said of the advantages it offers in its recurring rhymes of deferring at will the completion of the sense until you have let in the qualificatives. And other plausible reasons might be given for the choice. But unhappily, like most plausibilities, they would be untrue. For there was no choice in the matter, but pure accident. Some years ago, desiring to try my hand at the Spenserian Stanza, and having no poetic theme just at hand, and Homer lying before me, I assayed upon the opening portion of the Iliad, and the result was the first eight stanzas of the present version. From time to time as the fit took me I added more, until at length, when several books were completed, it became too late to enquire into the fitness of the Spenserian Stanza as a medium of translation. While on this topic, I cannot forbear expressing the pleasure which I have derived from Mr. Brandreth’s excellent trans-

lation of the *Iliad*, to which Mr. Pickering drew my attention, when consulted on my manuscript. In which version the translator breaks a lance with Voss and bears him nobly in the joust, translating line for line with the original. A severe obligation, involving the dropping an epithet occasionally, and of course narrowing the scope of rhythm and cadence, his choice of blank verse had else opened for him but an obligation which yet sits on him so lightly, that I wish I may be found to move as easily in the translations now submitted to the reader. Of these, the next in quantity are the versions from Horace, which I offer with even more diffidence, if possible, than the Homer. One feature in the Roman Lyric is collectedness. He keeps his Pegasus ever well in hand. What the French call ‘abandon,’ you will scarcely find in him. The nearest approach to it being his mention of the pleasures of rural life. There the feelings of the man break out with more freedom. Of which his strong personal attachment to Mæcenas also partakes. The above quality casts this peril in the way of a translator, of appearing exaggerated in comparison with the original if he aim at a spirited version, or of becoming flat if he anxiously eschew that extreme. This may perhaps have occasioned some to think Horace cold and deficient in poetic fervor. But it is not so. Under the calm surface there is a steady inextinguishable fire, which, the longer you linger on a passage the more you will feel; and which is not the

less fervent for not scorching the feet of him who trips over the ground hastily. To such, one might say with our author on a different occasion, and in a different sense

Incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri dolosos.

In my versions I have aimed at closeness, despairing of the graces of the original on any principle of what is called compensation. The torso may have suffered materially in the carriage, but at least I have refrained from deliberately defacing it with additions of my own.

The same principle of closeness to the original I have aimed at through all the translations; endeavouring to present the ideas in the order of the original, and even where a transposition seemed more favourable to my version, I have nevertheless resisted the temptation. I say endeavouring, for that I have not often been compelled to swerve, it would be vain to pretend. For what is endeavour, and what is purpose? Life is made up of approximation and compromise.

Among the other pieces, the classic reader will find his favourites, the *Dedicatio Phaseli* of Catullus, and the *Danae* of Simonides. I know not how the German scholar may relish the garb in which he will here find the exquisite song of "The King of Thule," from Goethe's *Faust*. The passage from Gellert struck me as the smartest thing I have met with in

that author. I only wish La Fontaine's beautiful fable may not have lost too much of its freshness in this its English dress.

The whole is submitted to the judgment of the reader with much diffidence, but at the same time with the consciousness that the best informed in these matters, as they best know the difficulties, are the most indulgent judges.



CORRIGENDA.

At page 41, second line from bottom, *for* ' pay ' *read* ' play.'
51, line 4, *for* ' broad-bow'd ' *read* ' broad-brow'd.'



POEMS.

TO THE CRICKET.

LITTLE dun-coat minstrel,
That from thy dusty nook
Dost out-peering look,
On lean shanks squatting ; tell
Of that voice of unrest,
If from thy skinny chest
It comes, or thy dry throat
That never wearied note ;
Or whether it springs
From thy gauzy wings,
For ever they thrill
While thy chirping shrill
Is piercing the air,
And motionless are
When that is still.

The beetle, dark cuirassier,
All sheath'd in armour black,
Nightly doth thy piping hear
As on his custom'd track,
Forward and back,


He goes and comes
In quest of crumbs,
With rustling squadrons o'er
The fragment scatter'd floor.

Who thy foe
I not know.
The pilf'ring mouse
Doth oft carouse
To thy shrill melody.
The subtle keen-eyed rat,
His dread of whisker'd cat
Avengeth not on thee.
Then who thy foe
I do not know.
That am not I, although it be
Thy piping is too shrill for me,
By night and by day
Thou sayest thy say,
And scarce a corner but thy din
Doth pierce it through with arrow keen,
All loth I were to mar thy mirth
Yet prithee chuse another hearth.

A dish with water, as they tell,
Would be a full deep enough well
For thee to drown ;
The shining gleam
As it should seem
Would lure thee down.
But 'twere in sooth a sorry doom
Thy harmless life would ill become.
Thy dying groan

Would sure draw down
 Fell mischief on
 Th' inhospitable treach'rous house ;
 The sturdy rat and weaker mouse
 With teeth, as with a saw,
 Would through its timbers gnaw ;
 And sightless worm its part would do,
 Pierce joist and rafter through and through :
 While damps would spread and sap the wall
 Till toppling roof avenged thy fall.
 Then at thy pleasure go or stay,
 Though I could wish thou wert away.


LIFE.


 HE sunny side and easy slope
 Where evil seems not rife,
 There, beckon'd by delusive hope.
 Youth scales the hill of life.

The gilded cloud that decks its brow
 On which they gazed with pride,
 Will burst in thunder as they go
 There on the darker side.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

YOUTH.


SAY ! in the buoyant days of youth,
 With magic glitter gilding truth,
 Hath wayward fancy been thy guest,
 Flinging her sunshine in thy breast ?
 How soon, alas, her wizard spell
 Can all the shades of life dispel !
 The fairy touch, the rainbow hue,
 With varied tints the landscape strew ;
 Unreal scenes at pleasure rise
 And airy temples cheat the eyes.
 In the fond dream of future years
 Honour with laurel wreath appears ;
 Successful love ambition crown'd,
 And all the joys that e'er surround
 The rich, the happy, and the gay,
 All will come with the wish'd-for day.
 But time steals on, and one by one,
 Each hope assumes a humbler tone,
 Till youth beholding with a sigh
 The dear, though empty, vision fly ;
 Tamed to endure the real scene,
 Strives to forget what might have been.
 Ah ! then succeeds the aching void
 To thoughts the heart so long employ'd,
 With dark despondency o'ercast,
 That gleam of glory was its last ;

Henceforth a wanderer unblest,
That of his paradise of rest
Hath snatch'd a last and transient view,
Now wretched 'mid the jovial crew,
Roams uncommuning and alone,
A demon in the noon-day sun.


OLD MAN.

Yea, self-made like that primal one,
Happy spirit on starry throne,
Till his vain fancies cast him down. }
What then, young man, wouldst thou of life ?
Dreaming hath there small space, but strife
And stern contention in thy way,
Chance, by turns, folly, passions sway.
Hard-hand toil, and rough endeavour,
Man's lot is here, then persevere.
For lofty Genius' proudest lot
From toil severe exempteth not.
Yea, plough and sow, each must his field,
Would he in harvest reap its yield.
Nature's boon to her favour'd son
Is, by his toil that more is won ;
Nor may so sunny lot betide
That hath not too its darker side ;
While life to most is at the best,
Like the wild region of the West ;
With obstacles all thickly set,
As with huge forest trees is that ;
Untiring must thou hew and hew, }
For wailing will not bring thee through.
With axe in hand, then, up and do. }

But through life's conflict do the right,
Keep ever still thine honour bright ;
And though success withhold her crown,
Who doth his best hath nobly done, }
And no mean palm of life hath won. }
Nor is't in sorrow's deepest night,
Within the bosom darkness quite, }
Where conscience trims her cheering light. }
Haste not with too hot endeavour
To be rich, since rarely ever
Guiltless so. Whose soul once is limed
With hopes inordinate, ill-timed ;
And wishes turbulent o'ergrown, }
Unseating conscience from her throne ; }
From him life's prize, content, is gone. }

The old man garrulous thus did say,
With that youngling talking on ;
Reader, if lesson thee it may,
Take it ; if not, no harm is done ;
Go, and God speed thee on thy way.

ABERRATIONS OF GENIUS.


 WITH lightning eye and lip of fire
 See Genius' wayward child,
 His fingers from the trembling lyre
 Wake thrilling notes and wild.

He madly tempts the ocean's rage,
 Where with the frantic wind
 Wild war the giant billows wage
 To tempest's wrath resign'd.

Behold him in the shallop frail
 Ride reckless on the wave,
 With daring canvass woo the gale,
 Behold him frenzy's slave !

Yea, dark the tempest's gathered gloom,
 Still see him headlong speed,
 Nor of the fell and bursting storm
 Aught save its beauty heed.

In sooth 'twas rashly, madly done,
 But from his lonely bier
 Lives there the cold and lifeless one,
 That can withhold a tear ?

OPPORTUNITY.

SEIZE opportunity when shows she first,
 For either she not visits thee again,
 Or else abates in price, as poets feign
 Of the world's ages. First appears in prime
 All golden, then to silver gently wanes,
 To brass falls next, and slighted, comes no more
 But as grim Necessity iron-clad.

THE WHEREFORE OF DRINKING.

THE black earth drinketh, yea
 And drink it do the trees,
 The sea too drinks the breeze,
 The sun withal the sea,
 The moon the sun drinks so ;
 Then why, my friends, blame me
 If I'd be drinking too ?

Anacreon, Ode 19.

DEATH BY ASPHYXIA.



CHEERFUL Health with her rose of red
 From life's dull sluggard stream hath fled;
 Its purest fountain poison'd now
 Death mingles with its sullen flow,
 In mist-like chilness rising slow,
 And darkness gathers on that brow;
 The heavy breath, the drowsy eye,
 Proclaim the last sad struggle nigh;
 He pants and droops, nor more he may
 Raise thence his wilder'd head,
 Though friends in anguish round his bed
 Are sobbing there, and tears are shed;
 He heeds them not, nor knows he pain,
 But acts life's follies o'er again.
 The huntsman winds the lively horn,
 And snuffs again the dewy morn;
 The soldier's in the battle-field,
 The foe is there, he scorns to yield;
 Now routed legions mock his gaze
 And "Victory!" on his pale lip plays;
 While the pleased peasant dreaming sees
 The nibbling flocks and waving trees.
 Delusion strange! whose wizard spell
 Can wake the scenes we love so well,
 Like those sad flowers whose deathly bloom
 In smiling mock'ry decks our tomb.

TREES.



WIN forest-children, Hail ! that grace

This mount's sweet summit where we
round

The landscape to the blue hills trace,
Or where it melteth into space.

Ye whose boughs tangling, interwound,
Shattering the sun's rays withal

That yet between your bright leaves fall

In glitt'ring fragments to the ground ;

When noon's hot fervors quell

The spirit of the air,


The faint breeze oft will tell

In gentle accents fair,

He loves the ling'ring 'mong your leaves

For pleasant cool he thence receives.

TO NANCY.


 HE earth in wild profusion pours
 Her countless tribes of fruits and flowers,
 That from her sacred bosom draw,
 Each by its own peculiar law,
 The mantling juice of root and stem
 That feedeth leaf and blossom gem ;
 In these with tempting nectar swells,
 In those with poison dark repels,
 Effects how opposite are there !
 Though earth the same, the sky, the air,
 And the same glad'ning sunbeams shine,
 The hemlock dwells beside the vine !
 How near resembling these we find
 The shad'wy tenants of the mind !
 Be they stormy troublers of ease
 Or soothing ministers of peace,
 All from one source by secret law
 Their food and various being draw :
 Hope weaves her sweet delusive dream
 Where dark despair hangs o'er the stream,
 That willow waving prompts the while
 To sorrow tears, to joy her smile.
 Revenge her tooth with venom fills
 Where pity gentle balm distils,
 While mem'ry prompt at ev'ry call
 Attends on each hand-maid of all,
 But chief of love, who of her store
 Insatiate, still asks for more,

And when she hath recounted o'er
Of her the loved and absent one,
Memento's sweet—the story done,
Of how and where their love begun ;
Each tree, each hill, each pleasant vale,
The fragrant bower, and verdant dale,
He wills her to renew the tale.

}


Thus as the sun forsakes the sky
And musing twilight draweth nigh,
And night with dusky hue is seen
Stealing o'er the landscape green,
And oak or elm its stature rears,
And like some giant-form appears
Against the sky where gleams the ray,
The last sweet light of ling'ring day,
Ere yet the moon assert her sway ;
Then steal I from the busy hum
Where scarce its broken murmurs come,
And seated, Nancy, 'neath some tree,
There as ever think on thee.
O then the heart's lock'd treasures flow,
The busy thoughts that come and go,
Most soothing sweet though dash'd with pain,
Like life itself a chequer'd train !
The star of eve is glist'ring bright,
Art thou watching its dewy light ?
Yon filmy cloud that floateth by
May veil its lustre from thine eye.
Now walking on the pebbly shore
List'ning the waves in sullen roar,
Or restless chafing of the sea,
As I of thee think'st thou of me ?

}

My heart's fond hopes they whisper well,
And I believe the tale they tell,
But anxious thoughts anon arise
Who may be gazing on those eyes?

LINES

DESCRIPTIVE OF A FRIEND'S STATUE
OF LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

OVE went on triumphant, and in his way
Lights on the lordly lion, vast and wood,
That rush'd disdainful on the easy prey,
The child that him with puny dart withstood;
That puny dart's sole touch all changed his mood,
Strange pangs his erst undaunted bosom quell,
The victor on him leaps, and as he would,
Mocking, leads the savage who scarce can tell,
So dazed his sense, if it be ill with him or well.

LINES

SENT MANY YEARS SINCE WITH A COPY OF
WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.



SEND thee one of fame's fond worshippers,
That from the mix'd and envy-tainted voice
Of these our days, hath lodged his great
appeal

To the slow even-handed future. Whose
Award he looks for, proudly confident,
A true son of song. For hath poesy
This gift to raise her sons above the crowd,
And the crowd's thoughts earth-bound and riveted
To one scene and time, while the high-soul'd bard's
Imaginings up-soar, boundless in both.
And their's is a proud destiny ; for in life
Though oft unhonour'd and perchance pursued
By persecution's hot malevolence,
Or envy's canker'd tooth ; yet after death
Comes retribution, and their honour'd names
Live in men's hearts, and their treasured musings,
Star-like, go shining on the light of ages.

THOUGHTS.




E thoughts that throng by thousands
 through,
 Undraped in words, the thrilling brain,
 Would each possessor always knew
 Your flight celestial to detain ;
 What life of light he'd from you gain,
 In your first fresh hues struggling caught,
 Ere yet the twilight intervene,
 That things with brightest colours fraught,
 Dims as with veil in dusky after-thought.

ADVICE.




HINK not you've answer'd when you say
 That I who warn have nothing seen,
 But think the post may point the way
 That yet itself hath never been.

THE CLOUDS.

AIL! ye whose filmy forms from off the sea
 Or steaming lake or dewy mead, rising, greet
 The jocund sun that calls you forth;
 While ye obedient wreath your airy shapes,
 Fantastic floating in the buoyant air.
 Forms strange and lovely, hail! whether around
 His throne ye bask in gold and purple pomp;
 Or lift your fleecy whiteness high in air;
 Or shed your moisture on the thirsty plain;
 Or, gath'ring round the mountain's rugged crest,
 Alps or Andes, burst in thunder, rattling
 From peak to peak; or silent crumbling
 Each hoar hill, do, with your thin streamlets, seam
 Its sides, or filter through a thousand chinks
 To the gelid pool, where mortal eye scans not,
 And the spirit of the flood his lone vigil keeps;
 Or, now bright filaments, ye thread your way;
 Or, babbling, murmur as the pebbly brook;
 Or fret your sedgy path through moist verdure;
 Or, joining your pure streams, ye dance along,
 Swelling as you go with Proteus-changings.
 An angry torrent now from rock to rock
 Dash indignant, scatt'ring your iris spray
 In the glad sunbeams; now a slumb'ring lake
 Whose still face images hill, tree, and sky;
 Thence escaped to seek some plain or valley,
 Where with smiling plenty on either bank
 Ye glide in all its pomp, a river fair,
 Majestic flowing to the parent main.

TO NANCY.


 IS full of change, this world, I know,
 And Nature's full of changes too ;
 This earth hath changed, and from its face
 Hath swept mankind, a feeble race.
 And stars once were, whose lovely rays
 Have blest the sight of ancient days,
 Though, quenched now their cheerful light,
 They wander in the gloom of night.
 And fickle fortune changeth so,
 And with her tide friends come and go ;
 And hope, man's cheating god's a thing
 Most changeful with its morning-wing.
 Beauty too—yes those eyes of thine
 Their speaking light must cease to shine.
 Bounteous is nature, all too kind,
 But alas ! unstable. The mind,
 Her proudest gift, how oft hath died
 Ere fled the life 'twas meant to guide !
 Haughty reason, how oft forsook
 Her temple in “ this fleshly nook,”
 While hov'ring round in fitful gleams
 Most mournfully sad she seems,
 Like some lorn spirit that doth pine
 To enter its unhallow'd shrine.
 Not so the heart whose love is pure ;
 That through all changes will endure.
 Then, Ann, thou loved one, tell not me
 That I can ever change from thee :

Thine image would survive the fall
 Of hopes, friends, fortune, reason—all ;
 All thy dear image would survive,
 Cherish'd unforgotten while I live.

A MOUNTAIN.




TS top the sun's first beams assail,
 First greets the lark with carol sweet,
 While darkness keepeth yet the vale
 There sleeping at its lordly feet.

There clouds oft rest that dews o'erfill ;
 No gently swelling rounded hill,
 But peaked, high, abrupt doth spring,
 Tow'ring aloft, nor mortal thing
 Might reach its brow withouten wing.

}
 }

TO MY BOY.


 T Sorrow's sad command,
 Take I then the harp again
 Which neglected long hath lain,
 And with unsteady hand
 From the rusted string
 That doth harshly ring
 Wake a rude and mournful strain!

How as the hour drew nigh
 I hung suspense 'twixt hope and fear!
 Yet rather hoped—looking to hear
 That music to a father's ear—
 The life revealing cry,
 That tells the coming of the one
 His waiting wish hath anchor'd on :
 How heavy in its stead
 On my blank heart smote down
 The tidings thou wert dead !

Thou wert, my boy, as some fair star
 Whose rising hath been waited for,
 When, as the hour drew near
 Men look'd to see it peer
 Above th' horizon fair,
 Envious winds arise,
 And the sullen clouds are driven
 To that corner of the heaven,

And darkly clust'ring there
Veil it from all eyes.

Thus by thy mother mourn'd alway
Didst thou most silent shrink away,
And from thy father's face thus flee,
Whose hopes so fondly clung to thee,
As one who should his fast friend be.

}

Yet who might lift the veil of time and see
How youthful years with hacknied age agree?

For oft alas ! it is not strong

The concord of the old and young.

Who long hath trod life's lengthen'd way

Each flowret's hue,

No longer new,

With other eyes doth view

}

Than the young in hope, fresh and gay.

With years alas ! as they run on

Our feelings take an alter'd tone,

And the hot noon of life dries up the dew

That glitter'd on our path while yet 'twas new ;

And on and on we go

Earlier hopes renounce,

Dreaming we wiser grow ;

If what pleased us once

Have ceased to please us now.

Meanwhile our sun is setting fast

And doth distorting shadows cast ;

Till comes old age, which, in its twilight, sees

Nor blue in the skies, nor green in the trees.

What wonder then if youth be loth to cage

Where its blithe note is marr'd by hoarser age ?

Yet I had kept, my boy, for thee

A corner of this heart,
Untrod by time's all-searing foot :
There thy soul had taken root,
There dwelt apart ;
Thence had well'd forth a sympathy
For thy young thoughts and feelings ; there
Thou shouldst have pour'd
Thy little hoard
Of hopes and wishes, griefs and care ;
And that without measure
As into a treasure,
Of which thyself had held the key.
Life we had walk'd together,
Nor thou hadst miss'd ever
Unto the end,
What thy father had never,
A constant friend.

How had I built higher and higher
Thy growing mind,
Joying to find
It soon had topp'd thy sire ?
Like him who plants some favor'd tree
Which yet scarce reaching to his knee,
He tends with care, and all around
Doth water it and trench the ground,
And watcheth it put forth and grow,
Though for his wishes all too slow,
Till the broad branches spread
In blooming verdure o'er his head ;
Then proudly seats him 'neath the shade
Which his own careful hand hath made,
And listens to the wanton breeze
Sporting among the rustling leaves,

And deems his toil repaid ;
Alas for the fabric hope had made !
 Vanish'd how soon its cheating gleam
 As fragments of a morning dream,
 Or bursting bubble in life's sad stream !
For thou in thy narrow house art laid.
The valley-clod must soon begin
To challenge what it claims of kin,
While wings thy brighter part its flight
Back to its home, the realm of light.
Hence ! fond regrets, each foolish dream,
The sober thought ye ill beseem.
Can any higher state
Earth's proudest sons await,
Than, like my boy, a seat attain
Among the souls that know no stain ?


Selfish murmurs rise
And, half whisper'd, die away ;
 For thine indeed the gain
 To miss a world of pain,
And first ope thine eyes,
 To close them ne'er again,
In the happy realms of day.
 Self rebuked, I may no more
 Bewail thy lot,
 Who dead art not,
But hast wing'd thy way
 Whither the good and wise
 Of all time have troop'd before.

Early ! yet thine the fate
For which the guilty great,
Might well exchange his state.

Could then a wish undo thy flight,
Dare I woo thee from the light
Of those happy fields above,
The reign of innocence and love,
Back to this scene of shades and strife,
And fev'rish longings, ill-named life?
No, nor that other smiling thing,
Like thee too snatch'd away
Ere yet beheld the light of day,
Who seems as she did wait
To greet thee at heaven's gate,
With a sister's sweet welcoming.

There, my babes, as from the fount of day
Ye fill your tiny urn,
If it may be hither turn,
And smilingly look down
On hearts that are your own.
On your loved mother, and that dear girl
Who hath linger'd long
On the threshold of the gate,
Through which ye have past so late;
And if to angel-song
Or infant prayer
Such potency be given,
Meekly ask of kind Heaven
For that loved pair
Health and peace a long, long date.

TO MY DEAR ANN AFTER A SERIOUS
ILLNESS.

HE, then, the loved one, doth complain }
That long my harp hath silent lain, }
Herself ungreeted by a strain, }
Since we were one ; though oft before
The minstrel's flowers have strewn her door.

Wouldst thou, dear Ann, the reason know }
Why love unchanged is yet more slow }
In measured murmurings to flow ? }
Ask, then, the bounding stream, the mountain-child,
Why, springing forth from cave or covert wild,
He lifts his voice the rocks among,
And as he leaps along
 Ill brooking all delay,
Ceases not his murmur'd song ;
 But tells in chafing tone
 Of ev'ry mossy stone
 That doth cross his way.
 Impatient hasteth on,
Singing still, in murmurs low
Where the sedgy grass doth grow,
And more angerly anon
Leaping from the steep rock down ;
And torrent-like his rainbow spray

Up-flinging in the face of day :
Hasting on with the murmur'd tale
Until he reach the silent dale,
Where stretcheth broad his home of rest,
The quiet lake's most tranquil breast ;
The lake his waters aid to fill,
And then for ever more are still ;
For its calm depth might ill beseem
The chiding of a homeless stream.
Now other signs of life doth give,
From morn to noon, from noon to eve ;
Its silent breathings grateful rise
To swell the clouds that skim the skies,
Its bosom thrilling to the breeze
That sigheth soft among the trees ;
Or from its placid face
Doth mirror back each trace
Of the calm landscape fair and still,
The flower, the tree, the moon-lit hill,
With that the dewy meek-eyed star
That dwells in azure depths afar.

And thus affection's stream, long pent,
Doth struggle strong to find a vent,
The loved one far away ;
Till its voice forth in numbers sweet
Its sad and lonely lay.

For poesy, yoke-fellow meet,
Will ever still more kindly greet
Him, the sequester'd one ;
Who from the crowd doth walk apart
Companion'd by his thoughts alone.

And her's, sweet soorceess, the art
To wake the visions near his heart,
 The scenes he loves so well ;
To burst the bonds of time and space,
 Her's the weird wand and spell.

But let kind fate the wanderer place
In the bright Heav'n his fancies trace,
 The haven of his rest ;
The word-wing'd thoughts unfetter'd move
 By lip at once exprest.

Absorb'd in th' atmosphere of love,
As like the lake-born mist above,
 They momentarily exhale ;
And mock who would detain their flight,
 Link'd to the rhyming tale.

All feelings in their depth and height
Words feature not ; the tremulous light
 Of the still anxious eye,
The look, the smile, the blanched cheek,
 If aught of ill be nigh.

Nameless nothings, whose sum yet speak
The loved and loving. Who would seek
 To clog them with a chain,
And brush their brightest hues away
 That ev'ry touch disdain ?

And yet against this happy day
My Ann hath challengèd a lay ;
 Though words can ill express

The joy that thrills through ev'ry vein,
The thrill of happiness.

To see thee thus, my love, again,
Might well repay a world of pain ;
The dear one snatch'd away.

An equal grief alas ! we share,
'Twas Heaven's will that day !

I'll meekly strive his loss to bear
Who silent shunn'd this world of care,
Of anxiousness and fears,
And, O ! be added years
To thy dear life, in health renew'd, my meed,
Who were without thee, desolate indeed.

TRANSLATIONS.

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK I.

I.



HE wrath, O Goddess, sing, of Peleus' son
 Destructive, whence to Greeks woes
 countless grew,
 Which many mighty souls of heroes
 down

To Hades hurl'd untimely, themselves threw
 To dogs a prey, and all the wingèd crew.
 So was the will of Jove accomplished,
 From the time that asunder first they drew
 Those chiefs, in angry strife contending then,
 Achilles, godlike, and Atrides, king of men.

II.

Who then of the gods them set contending
 In angry strife? Jove's and Latona's son:
 For he, all sorely angered with the king,
 Roused through the host a grievous plague anon,
 Whose weight fell the perishing folk upon;
 For that to priest Chryses, as ill became,
 Atrides, proud, had foul dishonour done
 When he approach'd th' Achæan ships to claim
 His daughter, bringing boundless ransom for the dame.

III.

His hands, Apollo the far-darter's crown,
Together with the sceptre golden, prest ;
Imploring all the well-greaved Greeks around :
But both Atrides, far above the rest,
Those people-ruling chiefs his prayer addressed :—
“ Ye sons of Atreus and each well-greaved Greek,
“ The Gods by whom Olympian homes possess'd,
“ Grant you safe return, when ye first shall wreak
“ In Troy's full overthrow the vengeance that ye seek.

IV.

“ But my loved child release me and receive
“ The ransom, and to the great son of Jove,
“ Apollo, the far-darter, rev'rence give.”
Th' applauding Greeks t'accept the gifts approve,
And the priest respect. Yet not this could move
Proud Agamemnon in his haughty mind,
But with contempt dismissed him, and above
These words of grievous threat'ning adds, unkind,
“ 'Ware, old man, how thee by the hollow ships I find.

V.

“ Or again returning, or ling'ring now,
“ Lest the sceptre ill stead thee or the crown
“ Of thy God. Her I never will let go,
“ Ere old age upon her descendeth down
“ In our abode, in Argos ; from her own
“ Dear country far, on labours of the loom
“ Intent, and with my couch familiar grown.
“ Hence ! On thy way depart — thou know'st her
doom,
“ Nor anger me, wouldst thou return in safety home.”

VI.

He spake. The old man trembled and obey'd
The word, and silent walk'd along the shore
Of the many-noised sea, and going pray'd
Much apart to the king he did adore,
Apollo, whom fair-hair'd Latona bore.—
“Hear me, thou of the silver bow, that round
“Hast Chrysa girt with thy protecting power,
“And Cilla the divine, and lookest down
“On Tenedos, where with high hand thou rulest thine
own.

VII.

“Smintheus, if temple I did ever roof
“Grateful to thee, or the fat thighs e'er burn
“Of horned bulls or goats in thy behoof;
“Then hearken to me and this one wish crown :
“On the Greeks for my tears thy darts hurl down.”
So spake he, praying. Him Apollo heard,
And paced Olympus' tops with wrathful frown,
Bow and quiver on his shoulders. As he stirr'd
The arrows rattled, and he like black night appear'd.

VIII.

Apart from the ships he sat. From the string
Forth leap'd the arrow, while the silver bow,
Recoiling, did with dreadful clangour ring.
First on their mules and fleet dogs he dealt the blow,
Then on themselves the deadly dart did throw,
And fires funereal frequent burn and aye.
Nine days throughout the host his arrows go,
The tenth the folk Achilles summons high,
For Juno prompts, who grieved to see her Argives die.

IX.

And when they gather'd and assembled been,
Mid them rising, swift-foot Achilles spake.—
“ Atrides now wand'ring afresh I ween,
“ Since plague and war alike their havoc make
“ Upon the Greeks, we home our voyage take,
“ So shun death. But some seer or priest let's now
“ Or dream-interpreter, interrogate,
“ (For dreams too of a truth from Jove do flow)
“ To tell us why Apollo wrathful deals this blow.

X.

“ Tell us whether of some neglected vow
“ Or slighted hecatomb he doth complain,
“ And whether in his anger haply now,
“ For smell of lambs and goats unblemish'd slain
“ To meet us reconcilèd he will deign,
“ And from us drive this pestilence away.”
Thus having spoke he sat him down again.
And Calchas, first of augurs, rose straightway,
Who knew things present, past, and of a future day ;

XI.

And the Achæan vessels Troyward led,
For that divining art Apollo gave.
He harangued them wisely, and thus he said :—
“ Achilles, Jove-beloved thou bidst me tell
“ Apollo's wrath, far-darting king.—'Tis well,
“ Speak, I will ; but covenant thou and swear
“ Thou wilt defend me hand and word with zeal.
“ My speech a man will anger much, I fear,
“ Who rules th' Argives and whom the Achæans do
 revere.

XII.

" For all too strong's a king when at the poor
 " His anger's aim'd. Though his wrath he smother,
 " That day he will but in his breast the more
 " Nurse the grudge to wreak it at some other—
 " But say, wilt screen me as a man his brother?"
 Him answ'ring spake swift-foot Achilles so :
 " Bold speak out thine oracle or other
 " Thing thou know'st. For by Jove-loved Apollo
 " Whom praying, tell'st the Danai his answers thou.

XIII.

" None, I living and on this ground to see
 " Shall by the hollow ships of all the host
 " Of Danai lay heavy hands on thee.
 " Not if Atreus' son thou namest, who doth boast
 " Him in the army now the mightiest most."
 Took courage then and spake th' illustrious seer—
 " Of no vow complaining, to mem'ry lost,
 " Or hecatomb draws great Apollo near,
 " But for his priest whom Atreus' son insulted here.

XIV.

" Nor would his daughter free nor gifts receive,
 " For this, the dread king deals heavy and more
 " Will add ; nor from plague his rough hand respite
 " Till to her sire unransom'd we restore [give,
 " His dark-eyed girl, and lead to Chrysa's shore
 " A holy hecatomb ; and then we may
 " Perchance persuade him if we much implore."
 This said he sat. To them without delay
 Rose hero Agamemnon of wide-ruling sway.

XV.

Sore chafed, he grieved at heart, and kindling ire
Half choked his gloomy breast, and his two eyes
In their quick glances shew'd like flashing fire.
At Calchas scowling spake he on this wise:—
“ Prophet of woe, that in thy soul dost prize,
“ And gloat o'er thine ill fore-bodings, never
“ Aught bright or good in all thy prophecies
“ Didst tell, or do but only evil ever,
“ And now the Greeks haranguing thou wouldst endeavour

XVI.

“ Persuade them with thine oracles, for this
“ The Far-darter plagues them, because the bright
“ Ransom I'd not accept for Chryseis,
“ Choosing herself at home should bless my sight.
“ Since she than Clytemnestra doth delight
“ Me more, who came to me a virgin bride;
“ For face, and form, and mind, and skill, she's quite
“ Her equal. Yet, if better so betide,
“ I'll yield her, for I would the people lived—not died.

XVII.

“ But prompt for me prepare ye some reward,
“ And not all portionless alone leave me
“ Of all the Greeks, for that indeed were hard;
“ For elsewhere goes my prize, ye all do see.”
Him, swift Achilles answer'd, “ Whence can be
“ Renown'd Atrides greediest of men,
“ The high-soul'd Greeks should give a prize to thee?
“ The sack'd cities' spoil is shared, nor remain
“ Can much, nor should the folk make common stock
again.

XVIII.

" But now do thou send back the girl, and we,
 " If Jove grant us to sack Troy's well-wall'd town,
 " Thrice and fourfold will make it up to thee."
 And him answ'ring spake king Agamemnon :—
 " Not so by thee can I be put upon,
 " Brave though thou art, Achilles the divine ;
 " Not so canst o'erreach me, I so be won ; [thine,
 " Prize forsooth ! What ! wouldst thou be enjoying
 " And I the while sit tamely down deprived of mine ?

XIX.

" Wouldst have me send her back ? But then some
 prize
 " The high-soul'd Achæans must give me home
 " That fits my taste, and with the maiden vies.
 " Else thine, or of Ulysses, I will come,
 " Or Ajax, and lead off the prize. His doom
 " He'll chafe at whom I visit—But anon
 " We'll think of this. A dark ship now let some
 " To the dread sea drag, and collect thereon
 " The rowers fit, and place therein a hecatomb.

XX.

" And make fair Chryseis herself ascend,
 " And as commander let some chieftain now,
 " Idomeneus or Ajax, thither wend,
 " Or Ulysses the divine, or else thou,
 " Pelides, the most dread of men we know,
 " That with due rites thou mayst propitiate
 " The Far-darter for us." With scowling brow
 Swift-foot Achilles answer'd, " Me ! how great
 " The impudence thou'rt sheath'd in, slave of pelf !
 Who'll wait

XXI.

“ Of the Greeks to do thy best with good will,
“ Whether to dress the ambush on the way,
“ Or in stiff fight where man to man they kill ?
“ For Trojans left I not the land I sway
“ To come fighting here ; for ne’er harm’d me they,
“ Nor ravaged fertile Phthia, rich in men,
“ Nor drove my horses nor my beeves away,
“ Nor spoil’d her fruits, for that full hard had been
“ Since dusk mountains many and sounding seas
between.

XXII.

“ Thee shameless follow’d we, for thy pleasure
“ Working Menelaus’ honour, and thee,
“ Thou dog-fac’d, on Troy—and this our measure !
“ For these repent’st thee not, carest not, nay
“ To take my prize thyself dost threaten me,
“ Which I sore toil’d for, and th’ Achæans gave,
“ Though prize like thine I’ve not, whene’er it be ;
“ Some Trojan city sack th’ Achæans brave,
“ But the fierce battle’s brunt mine are the hands that
have.

XXIII.

“ Yet when the division comes then the share
“ That’s largest far doth ever fall to thee,
“ While I my portion small but precious bear
“ To the ships, which I’ve toil’d for wearily.
“ To Phthia go I now. ’Twill better be
“ Home to wend with the ships of beaked prow,
“ Nor methinks when this place I quit, by thee
“ Dishonour’d, thou wilt much abundance know
“ Of the riches and pelf, for which thou hank’rest so.”

XXIV.

To him the king. "Flee an thou wilt. Not I
"Will on my own account intreat thee stay;
"To do me honour I have others by,
"But chief deep-counsell'd Jove. To me alway
"Thou, of all the Jove-nourish'd kings that sway
"Art hateful most. Contention thou dost love,
"And wars and battles ever. Though thou say
"Thy might is great, 'tis given thee of Jove.
"Now hie thee home with ships and friends, and there
above

XXV.

"Thy Myrmidons lord it. I little reck
"Of thee or thy wrath, but thus threaten thee
"In turn. Since Apollo doth from me take
"Chryseis fair, the maiden shall to sea,
"Sent in mine own bark where mine own friends be.
"But the fair-cheek'd Briseis, thy loved prize,
"I'll to thy tent myself and take. Thou'lt see
"How much thy stronger, I. So who else vies
"With me may quail, or ere to cope with me he tries."

XXVI.

He spake. And sore arose Pelides' wrath,
His raging bosom balanced which were best;
If from his thigh his sharp sword drawing forth,
He on should rush, and thrust aside the rest
And slay Atrides, or, his ire compress'd,
Rein in his indignation. While thus grew
The angry tumult in his troubled breast,
Of thoughts revolved, and his huge sword he drew
Forth from its scabbard, down from heaven Athenia
flew.

XXVII.

Fair-arm'd Juno sent her, for in her mind
The goddess felt an equal love and care
For both the chieftains. Athenia behind
Pelides stood and pull'd his yellow hair,
To him only visible, none else there
Perceiv'd her. And Achilles with amaze
Was struck, and turn'd him with astonish'd air,
And knew Athenia straight, so dread the gaze
Gleam'd from her eyes. These wing'd words speaking
thus he says :—

XXVIII.

“ Why here, O child of Ægis-bearing Jove ?
“ To witness then this outrage done on me
“ By Agamemnon, comest thou from above ?
“ But this I tell thee, and fulfill'd 'twill be,
“ Of his haught pride his life he'll forfeit see.”
Him azure-eyed Athenia spake :—“ I came
“ To check thine anger if thou wilt obey
“ From Heaven ; Juno sent me, white arm'd dame,
“ Who in her soul doth watch, and love ye both the
same.

XXIX.

“ Now cease from strife, nor let thy hand draw sword ;
“ Sting him with speech indeed, as thou shalt see
“ Occasion. But this I say, and my word
“ Shall stand. Thrice so many one day to thee
“ Of splendid gifts, shall for this outrage be.
“ But check thyself, and unto us obey.”
Achilles answer'd :—“ What ye bid must we,
“ Goddess, mind ; 'tis best, be how wrath we may,
“ For who the gods doth rev'rence, him they hear alway.”

XXX.

He spake, and on the silver hilt he stay'd
His stalwart hand, and thrust his mighty sword
Back into its scabbard, nor disobey'd
Athenia's word. She now returns toward
Olympus, where Jove of the Ægis broad
Doth with the other gods his dwelling hold.
Pelides then again with bitter word
Spake to Atrides, nor his wrath controll'd :
“ O wine-drench'd, that with heart of deer hast hound's
eyes bold,

XXXI.

“ Ne'er with the folk to harness thee in war,
“ Or wait in ambush by our princes' side,
“ Durst thou. This smack'd too strong of peril far.
“ Much better through th' Achæan army wide
“ Go plund'ring prizes, if one thwart thy pride,
“ Folk-devouring king, that rulest men of naught ;
“ This outrage else had been the last thou'dst tried.
“ This I say, and a grave oath swear to boot,
“ Yea, by this sceptre, that nor leaves nor boughs will
shoot,

XXXII.

“ Since its stem in the mountains first it left,
“ Nor buds again put forth, the iron so
“ Hath round it clean of leaves and bark bereft ;
“ Achaia's sons as judges wield it now,
“ That under Jove defend his laws below.
“ An oath most solemn this, I ween to thee ;
“ Deep dole for miss of me will one day know
“ Th' Achæans all, and thou wilt madden'd see
“ Thyself powerless to aid them when slain they be

XXXIII.

“ In numbers ’neath man-slaught’ring Hector’s
glaive. [dare

“ Grief and rage will gnaw thee, that thou shouldst

“ To slight the first of all th’ Achæans brave.”

So spake Pelides, and to earth hurl’d there

The sceptre, with gold studs all sprinkled fair,

Then sat. Th’ other rag’d opposite. Up rose

In haste sweet-spoken Nestor, speaker rare

Of Pylos, from whose lips the language flows

Than honey sweeter. Generations two he knows,

XXXIV.

Now gone, that with him grew and lived of yore,

In Pylos famed. And with the third reigns he,

Who wise harangued them, and thus spake;—“ How

sore

“ A woe, ye Gods ! doth light on Greece. Ah me !

“ For Priam and his sons, what joy will be !

“ How will the Trojans in their souls rejoice !

“ To hear all this of you two wrangling, ye

“ That of th’ Achæans rumour broad doth noise

“ The chief in counsel and in fight. Now to my voice

XXXV.

“ Hearken, for much my juniors are ye both.

“ Than you, time was I mix’d with mightier men,

“ Who made not light of me. Such men, in troth

“ I never saw, or e’er shall see again,

“ As Perithous and Druas, that did reign

“ O’er his own folk ; and there was Ceneas too,

“ Exadius and Polypheme, divine, .

“ And Theseus Ægides, that all eyes drew

“ By his god-like port. Of mortals, the bravest crew.

XXXVI.

“ Brave themselves, they encounter'd with the brave,
“ The Centaur-mountaineers, and fiercely slew ;
“ With these I mix'd, when I did Pylos leave,
“ From th' Apian land full far. Their summons
 drew
“ Me thence, and fight I did as best I knew ;
“ Fight with them of mortals, that now remain
“ Could none. Yet they my counsels hearken'd to,
“ And my word attended. So now, ye twain,
“ Obey me, since, t' obey 'll be better in the main.

XXXVII.

“ Neither him do thou of the girl bereave,
“ All paramount though thou be, but the prize
“ As the sons of th' Achæans gave it, leave ;
“ Nor thou, Pelides, let thy spirit rise
“ In strife against the king, for in no wise
“ Such lot had ever sceptre-bearing king,
“ Whom Jove honour'd. Braver thou in all eyes,
“ And thee a goddess to the light did bring,
“ Yet stronger he, more numbers to his sceptre cling.

XXXVIII.

“ Atrides, thou thine anger curb, while I
“ Entreat Achilles put his wrath aside,
“ Who 'gainst sad war, a refuge-tower stands high
“ To all Achæans.” Answering him, replied
King Agamemnon. “ Yea, old man, thou'st said
“ All things most fit, but this man fain would bring
“ All men under him, and in his rank pride,
“ Be all men's master, over all pay king,
“ Lead all. I think not he'll persuade us to the
 thing.”

XXXIX.

“ A warrior, though the gods that are for aye
“ Have made him, hath his tongue their charter too
“ For reviling ? ” Achilles, with reply
Broke in upon him — “ Coward were I now
“ And worthless hilding did I to thee bow
“ In all thou sayst. On others go lay hest,
“ Not me — I’ll not obey thee more — But know,
“ This else I say, and in thy mind thou’dst best
“ Revolve it. With thee or other I’ll not contest

XL.

“ In blows about the wench, since ’tis your gift
“ Ye rob me of. But what of mine doth lie
“ Else in the swift black ship thou shalt not lift
“ One doit in my despite. Or wouldst thou try ?
“ Then do, that all may know who here stand by ;
“ Thy black blood quickly round my spear shall
flow.”

Thus they arose, with words contending high,
And the gath’ring at th’ Achæans’ ships so
Broke up. Pelides to his tents and ships doth go,

XLI.

With Patroclus and his mates. And now,
Atrides a swift bark to sea draws down,
And oars-men twenty picks therein to row ;
And the gods’ hecatomb he mounts thereon,
And Chryseis leads in, the fair-check’d one :
And wise Ulysses mounts the bark to sway.
Embark’d, they sail the watery ways upon.
Atrides now bids cleanse the folk, and they
Were cleansed, and to the salt sea cast the filth away.

XLII.

And to Apollo did full hecatombs
Of goats and bulls there offer, by the shore
Of the unfruitful sea. The scent up comes
With wreathed smoke, round rolling o'er and o'er
To Heaven. This travail in the host they bore,
Nor Agamemnon slack'd from strife at all ;
What he Achilles threaten'd had before,
But Talthyb and Eurybates did call.
These two his heralds were, and servants prompt withal.

XLIII.

“ Go,” he said, “ to the tent of Peleus’ son,
“ Achilles, and Briseis by the hand
“ Taking, hither lead ye the fair-cheek’d one.
“ And if he yield her not to your demand,
“ I will with numbers come, and by strong hand
“ Seize her myself. A thing will vex him more.”
He says, and sends, and adds to his command
Harsh words. They go reluctant by the shore
Of the harvestless sea, and wish their errand o’er.

XLIV.

To the Myrmidons’ tents and ships they came,
And by his tent and dark ship seated there,
Found him. He eyed them in no pleasant frame ;
They, awe-struck at the king, with rev’rent air
Stood still. Nor say him aught nor speak did dare.
He in his mind their plight perceived, and so
Spake — “ Heralds, hail ! that Jove’s messengers
are,
“ And men’s. Approach ; Atrides, and not you,
“ Wrongs me, that for the girl, Briseis, sends you two.

XLV.

“ High-born Patroclus, fetch the girl do thou,
“ And let them take her. My witnesses be they,
“ Fore the blessed gods and earthly mortals too;
“ And fore that ruthless king, come when it may
“ The rest find need of me to drive away
“ The pest of war unseemly. For the man
“ Bent on mischief rageth, nor knows to weigh
“ The future by the past, or strike some plan—
“ How fight by their vessels safe, the Achæans can.”

XLVI.

He said, and Patroclus the word obey'd
Of his dear companion, and from the tent
The fair-cheek'd damsel, Briseis, forth led,
And gave her to them. Back to the ships they bent
Their steps, and with them all, unwilling went
The girl. Achilles from his friends doth keep
Apart, and sits him there, such dole him hent,
By the hoar sea, gazing on the dark deep,
And doth his mother pray with outspread hands and
weep.

XLVII.

“ Mother, when thou didst bear me, brief the space
“ I was to live, but Jove, that from the skies
“ Does thunder, should me with much honour grace.
“ But 'tis not so, and Atrides my prize
“ With insult tears away before mine eyes”—
He spake, and wept. She, from the sea-depths hears,
By her old sire seated, and doth swift rise
From the hoar sea like mist, and for his tears
Sits by him, and sooths with her hand, and calls, and
cheers.

XLVIII.

“ My child, why weepest thou ? and what deep dole
“ Hath lighted on thy spirit ? come now, speak
“ Thy grief, nor from me hide what's in thy soul,
“ That both may know.” Then sighing, as'twould break
His tough bosom, swift-foot Achilles spake :—
“ Thou know'st. These things to thee then where-
fore say ;
“ On Thebes Eetion's sacred town we make
“ Inroad, sack'd it, and carried all away ; [the prey.
“ And 'mongst them th' Achæans' sons fairly shared

XLIX.

“ And for Atrides chose the fair-cheeked dame,
“ Chryseis. But Chryses, Apollo's priest,
“ To th' brass-kirtled Achæans' swift ships came,
“ With ransom large, to have the girl released.
“ Th' Achæans all, beseeching, he addressed,
“ Apollo's crown and sceptre in his hand ;
“ But both Atrides, chief above the rest,
“ The two that o'er the people hold command.
“ And all th' Achæans else approve it to a man

L.

“ The priest to rev'rence, and the gifts receive ;
“ But in his mind Atrides will'd not so,
“ But with contempt did rough dismissal give
“ The aged sire, who back in wrath did go ;
“ Him, as he prayed, Apollo hearken'd to,
“ And on th' Argives, his priest so held he dear,
“ Hurl'd th' ill bolt. Thick and fast the folk died
“ And through the wide Achæan host career, [now,
“ The god's fell shafts. And told us then, a well-
skilled seer

LI.

“ The Far-darter’s oracles. Straight advise
“ I, first the god propitiate should we.
“ Wrath seized Atrides, who doth instant rise,
“ And threaten, and his threats performed be.
“ Her, th’ Achæans quick-eyed, embark at sea
“ In fleet ship for Chrysa, and presents too
“ They carry for the king. And forth from me,
“ My tent just leaving, did the heralds now,
“ With Brises’ daughter, th’ Achæans’ sons gave me,
go.

LII.

“ But thou, if able, succour now thy son,
“ And going to Olympus, Jove entreat,
“ If ever thou, by word or deed hast done,
“ What availed his soul. For oft in thy seat
“ In my father’s halls, boasting of the feat,
“ I have heard thee tell how thou didst amove.
“ Alone of all the gods a most unmeet
“ Calamity from black-cloud-gath’ring Jove,
“ When bind him, would the other habitants above,

LIII.

“ Juno, Neptune, and Athenia. But thou
“ Didst come, and from his fetters him anon
“ Set free, to long Olympus from below
“ Up-summoning the hundred-handed one,
“ Gods Briareus call, and men Ægæon,
“ For he in strength did far excel his sire;
“ By Saturnius’ side he sits him down,
“ Exulting in his glory—Sight so dire,
“ The blest gods dread, nor more to bind their king aspire.

LIV.

“ These things thou to his mem’ry now recall,
“ And sit thee near him, and his knees embrace ;
“ The Trojans, if he will but aid at all,
“ And the Greeks at their ship-sterns with disgrace,
“ And about the sea hem in, they apace
“ Down falling slain. So may they ev’ry one
“ Enjoy their king. And he too the broad space-
“ Ruling Agamemnon, Atreus’ proud son,
“ His folly know, to slight th’ Achæans’ bravest one.”

LV.

Him answer’d Thetis, while tear on tear
Courses her cheeks. “ Ah me ! my son to fate
“ So wretched bearing, thee why did I rear ?
“ O, that tearless and teenless thou wouldst wait
“ By the ships. Short thy span, nor long its date,
“ But now at once short-lived, and full of woe,
“ Art thou of all men. With so ill a fate
“ I bore thee in my chamber. Now I go
“ Myself up to Olympus, of abundant snow,

LVI.

“ To speak this word to lightning-loving Jove,
“ If hearken, he will. By the swift ships now
“ Sit, raging at the Greeks as wrath may move ;
“ But from all war withhold thee quite do thou,
“ For Jove to Ocean yesterday did go,
“ To banquet with the blameless Æthiops, there
“ With the other gods. Returns he so,
“ The twelfth when his brass-paved court, be my care
“ To climb and clasp his knees, and win, I think, my
prayer.”

LVII.

Thus having spoke, departed she, and left
 Him chafing sore, for the well-zoned one
 Of whom, in his despite by force they reft.
 And now to Chrysa had Ulysses come,
 With him leading the sacred hecatomb.
 They, as they came within the haven deep
 Furl sails, in the black ships stow them, and home
 Thrust the mast to the place that should it keep,
 With halyards quickly low'ring, and with the oars'
 broad sweep

LVIII.

To dock the bark impel, and out they cast
 The anchors, and with cables tie the prow;
 And forth themselves upon the sea shore past,
 And to Apollo, the far-darter, now
 Debark the hecatomb. And forth doth go
 Chryseis, from the bark that ploughs the sea;
 Her, wise Ulysses leads the altar to,
 And to her dear father's hands yieldeth free.
 And thus spake:—"Agamemnon, king of men sends
 me

LIX.

"Hither, Chryses, thy child to thee to bring,
 "And a holy hecatomb offer here
 "To Phœbus, for the Greeks, that we the king
 "May reconcile; that to our dole draws near,
 "And 'mong the Argives bids his bolts career."
 And speaking thus, he gives her to his hand,
 Who rejoicing, receives his daughter dear.
 They quick the god's hecatomb on the strand,
 In order round the well-built altar cause to stand.

LX.

Then wash their hands, and holding high they raise
The salted barley cakes. While Chryses loud
With hands uplifted interceding, prays :— [shroud
“ Hear me thou silver-bow’d, whose power doth
“ Chryse and brightest Cilla, and with proud
“ Prevalence reignest o’er Tenedos. To me
“ Praying thou hearken’dst erst, th’ Achæan crowd
“ Afflicting. Now too crowned may this wish be,
“ From the Greeks th’ unseemly pest expel.” So
prayed he.

LXI.

And Apollo heard. They, when they had prayed
And the salt barley-cakes forth flung, back drew
The victims’ necks, and slaughtered them and flayed.
Cut out the thighs concealing them from view
In two fold coat of fat. And round them too
Hung the raw gobbets. Then on splints of wood
The old man burnt them, and upon them so
Poured the dark wine; near him the young men stood
With forks five-pronged. They, when they’d burnt
the thighs as should,

LXII.

And the entrails tasted, cut in morsels small
The rest, and all around the hooks hung on,
And skilful roasted them, and drew back all.
Now their meal prepared, and their labour done,
They banqueted, and lack of will was none
To the good banquet. They so satiate
With meat and drink, now were with wine anon
The flagons crowned by the young men that wait,
Who dealing round to all, the cups did auspicate.

LXIII.

And they, the Achæan youths, do all day long
The god with tuneful songs propitiate,
And raise with voices clear the Pæan strong ;
Apollo the far-darter celebrate,
Who all delighted hears. ' This do they late,
Till sets the sun, and darkness comes ; then sleep
They by the ship's prow-cables, and so wait
Till the daughter of the dawn doth forth peep,
Aurora rosy-fingered, then their voyage keep

LXIV.

Back to th' Achæans wide-spread host. A gale,
Apollo sends them fair. And now the mast
They fix, and spread abroad each milk-white sail,
The wind the mid-sail caught. Round the ship's
 keel fast
The dark wave seethes, loud chafing as she past.
She runs on the wave. Her voyage nimbly done.
When reached th' Achæan army broad, they cast
To draw the black ship on the land, anon
High on the sands and fix her the long props upon.

LXV.

They then dispersed their ships and tents among.
But he raged on, by his fast ships seated there
Swift-foot Achilles, Peleus' son, Jove-sprung ;
Nor e'er to the chieftains' gath'ring repair ;
Nor e'er to war would he, but vex and wear
His loved heart, high raging and longed the while
For the shout and combat. When on the air
The twelfth morn from thence did forth peeping smile
The gods, all to Olympus wend. Jove leads the file

LXVI.

Nor did Thetis what her son commends
Forget, but early from the sea wave rose
To Olympus, and the great sky ascends,
And finds where broad-bow'd Jove apart from those
Sat on the peak, that of Olympus grows
The highest of its many peaks. And she
Straight at his feet herself down sitting throws.
With right hand takes his chin, with left his knee.
And to Saturnian Jove thus spake beseechingly.

LXVII.

“ Zeus, my father, if 'mong th' immortals e'er
“ By word or deed availed thee aught have I;
“ Then hearken thou to me and crown my prayer.
“ Honour my son, so early doomed to die.
“ Him, Agamemnon now men's ruler high,
“ Dishonoured hath, and seizing on his prize
“ Detains, and took it, too, himself away;
“ But thou Olympian Jove of counsel wise,
“ Honour him. Make the Trojans' strength increasing
rise,

LXVIII.

“ Until th' Achæans honour too my son,
“ And in honour him enlarge.” So spake she.
But Zeus the cloud gatherer made answer none,
But silent long sat. Thetis still to his knee
As she had grown there, clung beseechingly,
And questioned him once more :—“ O plainly now
“ Promise me and consent, or else deny,
“ Since fear dwells not with thee, that I may so
“ Myself, of all a goddess how despised know.”

LXIX.

Sighed heavily cloud-gath'ring Jove, and spake—
“ ’Twill work sad mischief this, thine urging me
“ To strife with Juno, when she shall take
“ To anger me with goading speech. Always she
“ Among th' immortal gods will wrangling be,
“ Charging me that I take the Trojans' side
“ In battle. But now depart that she see
“ Thee not. The care of these on me abide
“ To their fulfilment, and for proof in this confide.

LXX.

“ I nod my head assenting. This from me
“ Among immortals is the gravest sign,
“ For revoked must not, nor deceptive be,
“ Nor unfulfilled whatever word of mine
“ To sanction, with approving head I deign.”
He spake, and his black eye-brows bending, Jove
Did nod. The king's ambrosial locks divine
About his head immortal quiv'ring move,
And huge Olympus shook. So counselled they re-
move.

LXXI.

Then she from glittering Olympus down
To the deep sea plunges, and to his home
Wendeth Jove. The gods from their seats anon
Rise up all to meet their sire. In that dome
None dared unmoved abide when he was come,
But stood up all before him. With such state
He sat his throne. Nor had Juno come,
Unknowing his counsel, but saw where late
He with the old sea-sire's silver-footed daughter sate.

LXXII.

She sharply spake:—"What god, thou crafty one,
 "With thee was counselling? 'Tis thy delight
 "Ever apart from me to sit alone,
 "Brooding o'er some dark decree. Ne'er out right
 "Of thine accord dar'st tell me what might
 "Thy purpose be." Of gods and men the Sire
 Thus answered her. "Hope not to fathom quite
 "All my counsels. Their scope is, trust me, higher
 "Than thee thereto behoves, although my spouse, as-
 pire,"

LXXIII.

"But what befitting is to hear, that none
 "Shall sooner know than thou, be't god or man.
 "But what apart from the gods I alone
 "Would ponder, question not, nor seek to scan."
 Again large-eyed Juno august began:—
 "Chronos' son most austere, what words are these?
 "I ne'er before or pryed or asked your plan,
 "But much at ease you shape things as you please.
 "But I fear me Thetis, the old sire of the sea's

LXXIV.

"Silver-footed daughter, hath talked thee o'er;
 "I saw her sit by thee and clasp thy knee
 "At dawn. Methinks to what she did implore
 "Thou gav'st assent. Achilles should of thee
 "Have honour, and that the Achæans be
 "About their ships in numbers slain." Then Jove
 The cloud-gatherer answered her:—"With thee
 "'Tis ever thus suspecting—Where'er I move
 "Thou track'st me still. Though small I ween the
 profit prove.

LXXV.

" But from my soul more alien make thee still,
 " Which for thee were worse. What if this be so
 " As thou thinkest. Suffice that 'tis my will.
 " Then sit thee silent, and obedient bow,
 " Lest all th' Olympian gods be not enow
 " Coming to thy rescue, when I arise
 " With all resistless hands to lay thee low."

He said, and Juno of the ample eyes [tries.
 Sat trembling, and to keep down her loved heart silent

LXXVI.

Grieved were the gods throughout Jove's house that
 dwell,
 Them Vulcan, architect renowned, begun
 Haranguing with purpose of soothing well
 His loved mother, Juno, the white-armed one :—
 " A grievous mischief 'twere, nor to be borne,
 " That you for mortals' sake should wrangling be,
 " And raise such riot 'mong the gods. Now none
 " Can relish the good banquet, where we see
 " Ill things uppermost. Mother, be advised by me,

LXXVII.

" Though thy skill scarce needs. Then conform
 thee do
 " To Jove, my loved sire, that no more he scold ;
 " Nor with ourselves the banquet trouble too,
 " If such his will, Olympius that doth hold
 " The dread thunderbolt from their seat down roll'd,
 " Might hurl. So much the strongest he. But thou
 " With soft words soothe him. Straight, his anger cold,
 " Olympius will to us gracious grow."
 So said, up he sprang, and the double cup into

LXXVIII.

His loved mother's hands did place. On this wise
Speaking :—" Endure it, mother mine, and bear
" Though sad, lest thee beaten before mine eyes
" I see, powerless to aid thee, though dear,
" Grieve as I may. Olympius I fear
" Is hard to stand against. For once of yore
" When wishing to defend thee, I drew near ;
" Me by the foot he caught, and without more,
" Headlong hurl'd me forth from out the heavenly
door.

LXXIX.

" Borne along all day, with the setting sun
" I pitched in Lemnos, well nigh spent I ween ;
" Me fallen there, the Sintian men anon
" Pick'd up." He said. Then smiled the white-
armed Queen,
And smiling, the cup from her son's hand had ta'en.
He, handing round to all in proper rows,
Poured the sweet nectar from the flagon drawn,
While quenchless laughter 'mong the gods arose
Along the hall, as Vulean awkward limping goes.


LXXX.

Thus all day long they feast, until the sun
Was set. Nor to the banquet wanted will ;
Nor lovely harp that did Apollo own ;
Nor muses too that sang with sweetest skill,
Each other answering. Thus they until
The lustrous light of the great sun went down ;
Then these all homeward wend to sleep their fill,
Where his separate house for every one
Lame Vulean with his wonder-working hands had done.

Olympian Jove the lightning-wielder hies
To his own couch where he was wont to bide,
When slumber sweet came stealing o'er his eyes ;
Ascending there he slept, and by his side
Slept Juno, Queen of gods, his golden throned bride.

DEDICATIO PHASELI.

CATULLUS.

 HIS yacht, my friends, that here you see,
 Saith, that of ships was fleetest she;
 Nor floating craft with such force ply
 That she not able pass it by;


Whether 'twere need with oars to fly
 Or with sail. Nor will this, saith she,
 The shore of threat'ning Adria's sea
 Gainsay; nor islands Cyclades,
 Nor noble Rhodes, nor roughest Thrace;
 Nor yet Propontis, nor the bay
 Of savage Pontus; where had she,
 This after ship, erst stood
 With locks adorned a wood,
 And hissing sounds oft utter wont,
 With prattling locks on Cytors mount.
 To Pontic Amastris, and thee,
 Box-grown Cytors, have been and be
 These things, the bark avers, well known.
 From her remotest birth upon
 Thy summit, saith, that she hath stood,
 And first dipped oars in thy smooth flood.
 Thence through so many baffled seas
 In safety borne her master has,
 Whether chanced on the left hand call,
 Or on the right the breeze withal;
 Or, if on both ears of the sail

Together Jove propitious fell.
Nor vows were to the gods of shore
Any made by her, when from o'er
Sea last to this clear lake came she.
But things of former times these be ;
Now grows old retired leisure in,
And dedicates herself to thee,
O twin Castor ! and Castor's twin.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE 1.

TO MÆCENAS.


 ECENAS, sprung of royal line,
 Thou shield, and sweet adornment mine;
 There be, who love th' Olympic dust,
 In chariot course their limbs enerust,
 And the bound the hot wheels just shun,
 And the palm all ennobling won,
 The haughty lords of earthly state
 Up to the god's doth elevate.
 This one's pleased if him the crowd,
 Fickle Quirites vying would
 To triple honours raise. That one
 If hide in granary that's his own,
 What's swept from Lybian floors anon.
 Who doth delight to dig the glade,
 His father's fields with rustic spade;
 At price of Attalus prevail
 Thou never wouldst on him to sail,
 In bark of Cyprus sailor he
 Fearful on the Myrtoan sea.
 When th' Afric wrestles careering
 With th' Icarian waves, then fearing,
 The merchant ease, and of his town
 The rural scenes laudeth; but soon
 His shattered barks he doth repair,
 Poverty all untaught to bear.

There is who cups of old Massic,
Or from the whole day portion take,
Despiseth not while his limbs be
Now stretched beneath the arbute-tree ;
Now at some sacred stream's soft fount.
Many delight in camps are wont,
And trumpet's sound with clarion blent,
And wars by matrons held in hate.
Abideth in the frore air late
The hunter, of his young wife he
Not mindful, but if the stag be
Of his staunch hounds seen ; or if tore
His taper nets the Marsian boar.
Me, ivy meed of learned brow
In converse joins the gods unto.
Me, cool grove and light choirs ever
Of nymphs with the satyrs sever
From the crowd, since not Euterpe
Her pipes withholdeth, nor from me
Polyhymnia doth, sweet muse,
To touch the Lesbian lyre refuse.
If 'mong bards lyric graff me thou,
I'll strike the stars with tow'ring brow.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE 2.

TO AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.



OW enough on the lands sent down
 Snow, the father hath and dire hail;
 And with red right hand batt'ring on
 The sacred citadels made quail,
 The city terrified.

Made quail the nations too with fear,
 The sad age of Pyrrha wailing
 Wonders new did again draw near,
 When to the high mountains trailing
 Proteus his brood all led :

The fishy race to top of elm
 Clave fast, the doves' erst noted seat;
 And in the sea that rose with whelm
 And with its waters on them beat
 Then swam the deer aghast.

The yellow Tiber seen we have,
 There from the shore Etruscan go,
 With violent back-driv'n wave
 The king's monuments to o'erthrow,
 And temples of Vesta.

While to Ilia that doth complain
Too much, vaunts him he avenger,
On his left bank breaks out amain,
Though Jove to his counsel stranger,
Th' uxorious river.

Hear shall 'twas citizens that well
Against other wetted glaive,
Better by which the Persians fell;
Hear battles shall the youth that have
Their parents folly thinn'd.

Whom of the gods in their distress
Unto the sinking states' affairs,
Will the folk entreat? Vesta press
How will the holy maids with prayers
Their songs who heark'neth not?

On whom such crime to expiate
Will Jove the task devolve? Our sight
To bless we pray thee come though late,
Clothed in a cloud thy shoulders white,
O Augur Apollo.

Or wouldst thou rather, smiling one,
Erycina, whom jest and love
Leave not to flit and fly around;
Or may thy race neglected move
Thy regard their author,

With thy too long sport satiate,
Whom din delights, and helmets light,

And countenance fiercely set ;
Of the Moor that afoot does fight,
 The cruel foe against.

Or changed thy shape wilt thou anon
A youth upon these lands appear,
O fost'ring Maia's winged son,
And suffer us to call thee here,
 Avenger of Cæsar :


To Heav'n return thou late, and long
Mayst joyful here remaining be ;
Quirinus' people mingling 'mong
And averse to our vices thee,
 May no too hasty gale.

Bear off, but rather triumphs great
Chuse here ; here rather called be
Father and prince, nor in thy state
Permit the Medes their coursing free,
 Leader thou, O Cæsar.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE 3.

TO THE SHIP CONVEYING VIRGIL TO ATHENS.

 O Cyprus' potent goddess thee,
 So Helen's brethren brightest stars,
 And winds' sire rule, while the others
 he,

Iapyge except, up-bars
 O ship that ow'st such trusted debt,
 Virgil's self, that him safe and whole
 I pray in Attic bounds thou set,
 And thus preserve the half my soul.
 Oak and brass threefold circled him
 The breast around that trusted first
 His fragile bark to ocean grim ;
 Nor feared the headlong Afric gust
 Fierce wrestling with the northern winds ;
 Nor Hyads sad, nor south-wind's rage
 The chiefest lord that Adria finds
 To lift her waves at will or 'suage.
 What pitch of peril might he fear
 Who swimming monsters tearless saw,
 And turbid sea those rocks a-near
 Ill-famed Acroceraunia ?
 The god's care vain apart to keep
 By the communion-hind'ring sea
 The lands, if impious barks o'erleap
 The fords should unapproached be.

Bold all-enduring rushes on,
The human kind through wrong forbid.
Bold race of Japet fire bring down,
With ill fraud to the nations did.
After stolen from th' ethereal home
The fire, leanness and fevers now,
Cohort strange, on the lands did come ;
And of death self-moved erst the slow
Necessity paced quicker on.
Dædalus try the void air durst
On man-denied wings. Acheron
Through did Herculean labour burst.
Nought is there mortal aim above ;
Our folly seeks the very sky ;
Nor through our crimes we suffer Jove
Those wrathful bolts of his lay by.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE 4.

TO SEXTIUS.



DISSOLV'D is winter keen by change so
sweet

Of spring and the western breeze, and
the dry

Keels the machines haul down ; nor now delight

In folds doth the flock, nor the ploughman by
His fire-side sit, nor with hoar frosts the meads

Wax white. Now 'neath the over-hanging moon
Cytherean Venus her bands forth leads ;

And nymphs, with comely graces joined, the ground
With foot alternate shake. And doth the while

The pond'rous forges of the Cyclops vast
Now Vulcan kindle, all a-sweat with toil.

Now behoves it the glist'ring head invest
With myrtle green, and flower the freed lands bring.

Now too behoveth in the shady groves
To Faunus immolate an offering,

Asks he a lamb, or a kid rather loves.
Pallid death, with foot all impartial, smites

The huts of paupers and the towers of kings.
Happy Sextius, life's brief sum not permits


On long protracted hope our entering.
Already on thee presses night, and those

The fabled Manes, and Plutonian home
Of shadows thin ; where thou the same dispose
The wine's empire wilt not, once thither come.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE 5.

TO PYRRHIA.

HAT slender youth store roses wreath,
 Bathed in liquid odours presses.
 Pyrrha, thee the sweet grot beneath?
 For whom bind'st thy golden tresses,

Simple in thine adornings? How
 Faith and changed gods oft weep will he,
 And seas with black winds rough'ning so,
 Unused in blank amazement see,

Who credulous enjoys thee now,
 Golden : who hopes thee always free,
 And always kind, nor aught doth know
 Of the treach'rous gale! Wretched they

To whom thou dost unproved shine!
 The sacred wall doth speak for me,
 I've hung those dripping garments mine,
 Vowed to the potent god of sea.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE 12.

TO AUGUSTUS.



WHAT man or hero with the lyre or shrill
Pipe, Clio, tak'st in hand to celebrate?
What god? Of whom the name then sportive will

Echo iterate

Whether in shady bounds of Helicon,
Or up on Pindus, or in Hæmus cold?
Whence the woods followed rash that tuneful one,
Orpheus of old,

By art maternal he rivers staying
In their swift career, and bland the winds
And the oaks with chords of sweet note swaying,
That listened beguiled.

What shall I say before the custom'd praise
Of the father? who gods' and men's affairs,
Who the sea and the land and world too sways,
In its various hours:

Whence than himself is nought begot more great,
Nor aught there flourisheth that with him vies,
Or second is. Though honour's nearest state
Pallas occupies.

In battles bold, Bacchus, not thee will I
Silent pass: nor Virgin the wild beasts' foe,
No, nor Phœbus thee to be dreaded aye
For fatal arrow.

I'll sing Alcides and Leda's sons, one
With steeds and one with cæstus, conquering e'er

Renowned: whose star so soon as it hath shone
 Out to seamen fair,
Shrunk from the rocks the troubled waters flow,
Down drop the winds, and the clouds posting flee,
And threat'ning wave, so will they, in repose
 Sinketh on the sea.

Romulus first after these, I not know,
Or Numa's calm reign, or proud fasces tell
Of Tarquinius, if I shall; or else how
 Cato nobly fell.

Regulus, the Scauri, and prodigal
Of his great soul, when th' Afric victor was,
Paulus will I in famed song grateful tell,
 And Fabricius.

Him and Curius of the untrimm'd hair,
Useful in war, and Camillus too did
Rough poverty and farm paternal rear,
 With house adapted.

Grows like a tree in th' unmark'd lapse of years
Marcellus' fame: shines out among them all
The Julian star, as 'mong the lesser fires,
 The bright moon withal.


Of human race, father and guardian thou,
Saturn-sprung; to thee doth by fate pertain
The care of mighty Cæsar. Thou wilt so
 Cæsar second reign.

He, whether the Parthians that Latium threat,
Lead along subdued in just triumph, he;
Or those upon the Eastern borders set
 Th' Indians and Seræ,
Thy lesser the wide world in justice rule;
Thou shake Olympus in thy pond'rous car;
Thou thy hostile bolts on the groves down hurl,
 Little chaste that are.

HORACE.

LIB. I. ODE 22.

TO FUSCUS.

 HE man of spotless life, and pure
 From wickedness; O Fuscus, he
 Wants not the javelins of the Moor,
 Bow nor arrows, that poison'd be
 In full laden quiver.

Be it that sultry Syrtes through,
 Or Caucasus that entertains
 No guest, journeying on he go,
 Or where flows gentle through the plains,
 Hydaspes wonder-famed.

For me a wolf in Sabine wood
 While of my Lalage I sing,
 Without a care in idle mood
 Beyond my bound'ry wandering,
 All weaponless did flee.

A monster such hath never fed
 The martial Daunia in her land
 Of beechen forests broad, nor bred
 Hath ever Juba's arid strand
 Nourisher of lions.


Place me those sluggard plains upon,
 Where summer gales refreshing move
 No tree, that side the world whereon,
 The clouds and unpropitious Jove
 Afflicting ever keep.

Or place me underneath the ear
Of the sun riding over-nigh,
A land where homes forbidden are ;
Sweet smiling Lalage will I
 Love on, her prattling sweet.

HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE 31.

TO APOLLO.


 HAT of Apollo dedicate,
 Asks then the bard? or what implores,
 The while from ample goblet fit
 The new libation he outpours?


Not the treasures of grain that yields,
 Sardinia in her fertile fields;
 Nor hot Calabria's pleasant herds;
 Not gold, nor Indian ivory he;
 Nor fields where Leiris frets the swards
 With its still waters noiselessly.

Let those whom fortune gave such boon
 The vine with hook Calenian prune,
 And let the wealthy merchant drain
 His flagons golden of the wine,
 By Syrian wares renewed again;
 Dear is he to the powers divine,
 For three and four times visits he
 Safe ev'ry year th' Atlantic sea.
 Me olives feed and succory,
 And mallows light. Whate'er I find
 T' enjoy, Latona's son, grant me
 This too, I pray, with unshorn mind;
 Nor in ignoble age thy bard
 Let live, nor yet of harp debarr'd.

HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE 10.

TO LICINIUS.

HY course of life will better be,
 Not always stretching for the deep ;
 Nor yet, Licinius, cautiously
 From fear of tempests shrinking keep
 The fatal shore too nigh.

Who loves the golden mean, will be
 From squalor of a sordid home
 Safely exempt ; exempt too he
 From the all-envied palace home
 In his sobriety.

More oft by winds rock'd to and fro
 The lofty pine. With heavier fall
 Down crashing come the high towers do,
 And batter most the mountains tall
 The thunderbolts withal.

When things are adverse, hope, and still
 When prosperous, fear another state,
 The well-prepared bosom will.
 The winters drear disconsolate

Jove bringeth on, and straight
 'Tis he removeth them. Though ill
 Be now, yet not hereafter so.

Arouse the muse erst silent will
 With his harp, nor for aye his bow
 Bending be Apollo.

Hard prest and in distressful state
Then shew thee resolute, nor quail;
And, with like wisdom moderate,
When hast too prosperous a gale
Draw in thy swelling sail.

HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE 14.

TO POSTUMUS.



GLIDE alas! the years away,
 Postumus, Postumus, how fleet;
 Nor piety will bring delay
 To wrinkles, nor old age one whit
 That presseth urgent on,
 Nor death, whom conquers none.
 Not though, my friend, appease wouldst thou
 With bulls ev'ry day three hundred,
 Pluto, by tears moved never, who
 Triple huge Geryon and dread
 Tityus in doth hem
 By that sorrowing stream,
 That we must all, whate'er our state
 Upon earth's bounty here who feed,
 Kings, or poor peasants navigate.
 In vain from Mars the blood-stain'd freed,
 Or shatter'd waves shall we
 Of hoarse Adria be;
 In vain the southern blast, that on
 Our bodies worketh dole, shall we
 Throughout the autumns careful shun,
 Visited yet withal must be
 Cocytus' river black
 Wand'ring in sluggish track,

And race of Danaus ill-famed,
And Æolides Sisyphus,
To long-enduring toil condemn'd.
Relinquish'd earth must be, and house,
 And pleasing wife ; nor these
 Thou tendest so, the trees
Save hated Cypresses, will one
Thee their brief lord accompany.
Take will thy worthier heir anon,
Thy Cæcubian casks away,
 By hundred keys lock'd in ;
 And will the pavement stain
With the proud wine had better been,
At suppers of the Pontiffs ta'en.

HORACE.

BOOK II. ODE 16.

TO GROSPHUS.

EASE asketh he the gods a boon,
 That's in the open Ægæan caught
 When pitchy cloud hath hid the moon,
 Nor yet the stars are shining out

To mariners known.

Ease too in war Thrace furious hot,
 Ease the Medians with their quiver
 Graceful, yea Grosphus, ease that not
 With jewels nor purple ever,

Nor with gold is bought.

Not wealth, nor consul's lictor may
 The mind's miserable tumults sad
 Drive off, nor yet the cares that aye
 Roofs with carved ceilings, rich inlaid,

Around hov'ring fly.

Liveth well on a little he,
 On whose frugal board glitt'reth bright
 His sire's dish hereditary ;
 Nor fear deprives of slumbers light,

Nor base cupidity.

Strong for little space, why aim we
 At many things ? To lands that glow
 With other sun why changing be ?

An exile from his country, who

Doth himself too flee ?

Climbs the brass-beak'd ships carking care,
Nor th' horseman's troops leave her behind
That's swifter than hinds, swifter far
Than the careering eastern wind,
 Driving storms through air.
Happy for the time present, may
The mind all care for what's beyond
Detest, and with soft laughter gay
'Suage bitter things. Nought is there found
 Happy ev'ry way.
Snatch did death premature away
The illustrious Achilles ;
Long age did Tithonus decay ;
And me perchance, what thee denies,
 The hour offer may.
Round thee a hundred flocks there are,
And lowing cows of Sicily ;
For thee the chariot suited mare
Doth lift her neighing voice on high ;
 Thou dost garments wear
Wool, twice the Afric Murex dyes :
Me a small farm and Grecian song,
Some scantling breathing, not denies
Truthful fate, and th' envious throng
 Gives me to despise.

HORACE.

LIB. III. ODE 3.

UST, and of purpose firm, that man,
 Not the rage of the multitude,
 Fell mischief loudly urging can,
 Nor tyrant's face in threat'ning mood

Shake in his steadfast mind

No, nor the rough south-wind

Restless Adria's blust'rous lord,

Nor mighty hand of thund'ring Jove :

Though fell the world's vast expanse broad

The ruins crush, but could not move,

Him standing unappall'd.

Unto the fiery wall'd

Citadels, by such art attain'd

Pollux and wand'ring Hercules,

'Mong whom Augustus doth, reclin'd,

With red lips nectar quaff at ease.

Deserving by this law

Thee, father Bacchus, draw

Did those thy tigers harnessed

With untamed neck unto thy car :

Acheron thus Quirinus fled

With the steeds of the God of War ;

When Juno spake decree

Gods heard approvingly :

" Ilium, Ilium, did he of fate

" Th' incestuous judge, and stranger she

" Down to the dust precipitate ;

" When the gods of their promised fee

“ Laomedon did cheat,
“ Condemned then as meet
“ By chaste Minerva, and by me,
“ With people too, and treach’rous king.
But shines no more renowned he,
Th’ adultrous Spartan’s guest. Back fling
“ Will Priam’s perjured house ;
“ No more through Hector’s force
“ Th’ Achæans combatant. And now,
“ Ceased the war that our broils did stir,
“ My heavy wrath I will forego,
“ And th’ hated grandson borne by her
“ The Trojan priestess was,
“ Will back restore to Mars.
“ The glist’ring seats him enter ’mong,
“ And drink the nectar’s juice will I,
“ And to the tranquil ranks belong
“ Of gods inscribed, not deny
“ While raging long there be,
“ Twixt Rome and Ilium sea.
“ Be’t where it will there let them sway,
“ As exiles happy so the tomb
“ Of Priam and of Paris may
“ The herds insult, and thither come
“ Wild beasts to litter there,
“ And none to make them fear.
“ The Capitol let shining stand,
“ And Rome ferocious wield the power
“ The Medians ever to command,
“ Them still her triumphs leading o’er.
“ Her dreaded name expand,
“ Reaching the utmost land,
“ Where middle waters separate
“ Europa from the Afric shore,

“ Where glebes doth swell’d Nile irrigate :
“ Th’ unfound gold better cover’d o’er
 “ By the earth, from men’s eyes
 “ She stronger to despise,
“ Than force it to the use of man
“ With rapine’s sacrilegious hand.
“ Whatever bound the world contain
“ Let her to that her arms extend,
 “ While eager she desires
 “ Visit where rage the fires,
“ And where the clouds and drizzly dews—
“ To Quirite warriors I declare
“ This fated law :”—“ They not abuse
“ Their fortune proud, nor to repair
 “ Too filial they be fain,
 “ Ancestral Troy again.
“ Troy’s fortune again upspringing,
“ Will with disastrous omen be
“ With slaughter sad renew’d, bringing
“ Throngs victorious led by me,
 “ Wife and sister of Jove ;
 “ Though thrice again above
“ By Phœbus’ hand the brazen wall
“ Uprise, yet thrice erased again
“ By Argives, mine it perish shall,
“ And thrice the wife a captive ta’en,
 “ Her sons and husbands weep.”
But these be things that keep
No fit accord with sportive lyre,
Muse, whither wouldst ? Cease ! nor rehearse
The speech of gods, thou pert, aspire,
Nor great things mar by slender verse.

HORACE.

BOOK III. ODE 13.

TO THE BANDUSIAN FOUNT.



THOU, Bandusia's fount
 Shining as is thy wont,
 Than crystal far more bright,
 And worthy sweetest wine,
 Where flowers in garlands twine,
 Thou shalt ere morrow night
 A kid receive,
 Whose brow doth give,
 Garnish'd with budding horn,
 Earnest of love and fight,
 In vain, for in the morn
 Shall stain thy gelid spring
 With his right ruddy blood,
 The wanton flocks' offspring.
 Thee, in his fiery mood
 Smites not the dog-star wood ;
 Thou profferest pleasant cool
 To the plough-weary bull,
 And wand'ring flock as well.
 Thou too shalt be anon
 Of noble fountains one,
 When of the oak I tell
 That hollow rocks grows on,
 From whence down-leaping do
 Thy prattling waters flow.

HORACE.

BOOK IV. ODE 3.

TO MELPOMENE.



HOM once hast thou, Melpomene.
 At birth with placid eye look'd on,
 Will in no labour Isthmian he
 A pugilist achieve renown ;
 Nor ever him as Conqueror,
 Mounted on the Achaic Car
 Will the mettlesome courser draw ;
 Nor chieftain yet th' affairs of war
 With Delian leaves adorned will,
 For that proud threats of kings foil'd he,
 Him at the Capitol reveal ;
 But those the streams that flowing be
 Fertile Tibur nigh, and thick grown
 Tresses of the groves, him of song
 Æolian, make the noble one.
 Rome, queen of cities, deigns among
 Her bards' loved choir count me as well,
 And envy's tooth now on me eat
 Doth less. O, of the golden shell
 That temp'rest, Muse, the tumult sweet,
 O thou, that e'en to fishes dumb
 Couldst give at will swan's melody,
 All from thy bounty this hath come
 That I am of the passers by,

With finger pointed out as he
Of Roman lyre the minstrel one :
That I breathe and please, if so be
That please I do, 'tis thine the boon.

HORACE.

BOOK IV. ODE 4.

DRUSI LAUDES.



S the lightning's wing'd minister
 (To whom permitted empire o'er,
 The wand'ring birds hath Jupiter,
 The monarch of gods that before
 Him faithful provèd had
 With auburn Ganymede)
 Youth and paternal vigour erst
 Thrust from the nest unskilled of toil,
 The vernal breezes at the first,
 The stormy rains removed the while,
 Him fearing taught assay
 Strange wrestlings in their play ;
 And to the sheep-cotes then anon
 His vivid force a dreaded foe
 Hath sent ; and strongly urging on
 Doth 'gainst the struggling serpents now,
 Of banqueting his love
 And fierce contention move.
 And as a goat when all intent
 Browsing the pleasant pastures sweet,
 A lion-whelp repulsed sent
 By tawny mother from her teat,
 Doth just at point to die,
 B' his unfleshed tooth espy ;

So the Vindelic Rhætians war
'Neath the Alps Drusus wage beheld,
(Whose custom whence of old they draw
The Amazonian axe to wield,
 I now forbear t' enquire,
 Know all may none aspire)
Their bands long and far conquering find
Thrust back vanquished by stripling's skill,
What with due rites in fost'ring shrine
The mind, what train'd the genius will;
 Paternal with what fire
 Augustus' soul inspire,
The Nero's his sons. From the brave
The brave do spring, and good from good :
Steers from their sires their vigour have,
So the steeds. Nor fierce eagles could
 Begetters ever prove
 Of the unwarlike dove.
But teaching makes the force that lies
Within put forth, and culture due
The bosom ever fortifies :
And lack wherever morals do,
 Will errors there disgrace
 What's sprung of noblest race.
Rome ! what to Neros owest thou,
Witness Metaurus' river may,
And Asdrubal's full overthrow ;
And, darkness chased, the fost'ring day
 That first on Latium bright
 Smiled in its jocund light.
When the dire African did through
Th' Italian cities like the flame
From torch to torch, or east wind go,

That rides Sicilian waves. Then came
Prosperous endeavour
Wherein waxed ever
The Roman youth: and had each fane,
Waste th' Afrie tumult impious laid,
Its deity set up again:
And treach'rous Annibal thus said
At last:—"Like deer do we
"Of rav'ning wolves the prey,
"Seek out those of our own accord,
"Whom cheat and flee high triumph were.
"Race, that from burnt Ilium abroad
"Toss'd in the Tuscan seas, did bear
"Their gods with strong hand through;
"Babes and sires aged to
"Th' Ausonian cities.—That doth still
"Like the oak with hard axes shorn,
"On rich Algid's black leafed hill
"Through loss and through slaughter from th' iron,
"Its very self contrive,
"Spirit and strength receive.
"Not Hydra, with carvèd bulk did
"More stiffly grow 'gainst Hercules,
"Grieved to be foiled. Nor Colchis bred,
"Nor yet the Echionian Thebes,
"Mightier monster e'er:
"Sunk in th' abyss more fair,
"It will emerge. Contend with her
"Still, with renown immense will she
"Dash down her full fresh conqueror,
"And battles wage shall talk'd of be
"Unto their wives withal.
"To Carthage send I shall

“ Heralds proud no more. Fallen, fallen all

“ Our hope, and fortune of our name

“ Is now with slaughtered Asdrubal.”

Nought not achieve of highest aim

Will the Claudian hands,


Which Jupiter defends

With power benign, and which skill'd cares

Bear safe through perils sharp of wars.

HORACE.

BOOK I. SAT. 1.


 OW comes it, Mæcenas, that with his lot
 Whether choice gave him it or fortune flung,
 None lives content? extolling who pursue
 A different life:—"O merchants fortunate!"
 Cries the soldier, bent with age and his limbs
 All crazed with over-toil. And the merchant
 For his part, while the west winds toss his bark:—
 "War's the thing! For why?—Together rush they,
 "And in an hour's brief space sudden comes death
 "Or joyous victory." The farmer's lot
 The counsel praises, oft as at cock-crow
 A client's thumping at his door. While he,
 From his farm dragged up to town, pledged to appear
 In some suit, exclaims, that the town-dwellers
 Be the only happy men. For the rest
 Of this kidney (their number's such) they'd tire
 Talking Fabius. Not to detain thee, hear
 Where I bring the thing. If now any god
 Should say—"Behold me ready to perform
 "What you wish!" Thou late a soldier shalt be
 Merchant, and a rustic thou man of law:
 Hence! you this way, and you that way depart
 With changed lots: Why linger ye? They will not,
 And yet have leave to be happy. Is there
 A plea against anger'd Jove's swelling out
 Both cheeks at them, and declaring henceforth

He'll be not so easy as to lend an ear
To their complaints? Moreover not to treat
This matter with a laugh, as men do jests.
(Though laughingly utter truth what hinders?
As bland teachers sometimes give cakes to boys
That they may please to learn their alphabet)
However, joking apart, let's proceed
To serious matters. He with the hard plough
Who turns the stiff glebe, yon cheating vintner,
The soldier, sailors too that audacious
Scour through ev'ry sea with this view, assert
They bear the labour that when old they may
Retire to ease and safety, having heaped
Food sufficient; just as the tiny ant
Of huge toil, (for that's their instance) doth tug
With its mouth what it can along, and adds
To the heap it builds, not unknowing she,
Nor yet improvident of what's to come.
Who soon as the turn'd year Aquarius
Saddens, ne'er creeps forth, but wisely uses
What she had stored already. But thee
Not blis'tring summer turns aside from gain,
Nor winter, fire, sea, sword, nought can stay thee,
So that in wealth another top thee not.
What avails thee to stealthy dig the earth
And fearful bury there a weight immense
Of silver and of gold? Should you 'minish
Aught, 'twould dwindle to a beggarly groat—
And yet unless it do, where's the beauty
Of the piled heap? In thy threshing floor
Corn's beat to a hundred thousand measures,
Yet will not for this thy belly more hold
Than mine. As though the bread-bag among slaves,

Thy laden shoulder bare, thou wouldst nought
Receive beyond each one who carried nought.
Or, say what differs it to him who lives
As nature limits, whether he do plough
A hundred acres or a thousand—
But 'tis so sweet to pluck from a huge heap—
While from the little one you let us draw
As much, why so extol thy granaries
Above our bins? As if thou'dst need of some
Urn, or cup-full of water and no more,
And shouldst say I would rather take so much
From a great river, than this little fount.
Hence comes it who are for this more than meet
Abundance, headlong Aufidus sweeps them,
Torn with its bank along. Meanwhile the man
Who measures his wants by that mere little,
Of which there's need; he mud-clouded water
Drinks not, nor his life loses in the waves.
But a good part of men by false desire
Deceived, "Nought's enough" say they, "since by
what
" You possess, your consequence is measur'd"—
How deal with such? Leave them to be wretched,
It being of their own will. As 'tis told
Of one at Athens, rich and most sordid,
Who was wont the popular voice to set
Thus at nought—"The people hiss me, but I
" Applaud myself at home, soon as I gaze
" On the monies in the chest." Tantalus
Thirsty snaps at the stream that flees his lips,
Why laugh? Change but the name, and 'tis of thee
The fable's told. On bags heaped on all sides
You sleep, longing, yet must needs like relics


Spare them, or enjoy as painted pictures.
Art ignorant in what lies money's worth ?
Or what its use ? 'Twill buy bread, oil, a stoup
Of wine, and add those things besides of which
Debarred, our human nature would feel pinched—
To keep vigil half dead with fear for nights
And for days—To be in dread of sad thieves,
Of fires, slaves too lest they fleece thee and flee ;
Does this delight thee ? Of such goods I'd fain
Always be most poor. But should rheumatism
Rack your vexed carcase, or other ill chance
Fix thee to thy bed, thou hast one will sit
By thee, prepare the foment, and beseech
The doctor to revive and restore thee
To thy dear children and near kin. But not
Thy wife wishes thee saved, nor does thy son—
All hate thee, neighbours, acquaintance, down to
Girls and boys. Dost wonder when all to gold
Thou hast postponed, none proffers thee that love
Thou ne'er hast merited ? But nature's gift
Thy kin wouldst thou retain without effort,
And preserve thy friends ? Wretched man, thy aim
Is bootless, as his who with bit and rein
Would teach his donkey course the field. Be then
At last some end of scraping, and as more
Thou gett'st fear poverty less, and begin
To end thy labour, having gain'd what was
Thy wish. Nor do as did Ummidius,
Who, (and the tale's no long one) was so rich
As tell money by measure, and so mean—
No slave e'er clothed worse, yet to his last day
Feared he should perish, wanting bread. But him
A freed-slave, some resolute Tyndarid,

With axe cut asunder--What then advise?
That I should live as Nævius? Or like
Nomentan?—'Tis thou art bent on coupling
Things contrary, I in dissuading thee
From avarice, do not therefore commend
The unthrift prodigal. 'Twixt Tanais
Sure, and the son-in-law of Vitellus
There's some medium. In things there is
Measure. There are fixed limits after all
Beyond, or short of which right cannot be.
Whence I did digress returning, will none
Like the miser be self-content? but praise
Those rather of other pursuits? and pine
Because another's goat forsooth may bear
Udder more full? nor to the ampler crowd
Compare himself of poorer? But this one
He strives, and this to surpass. So hastes on,
A richer still before him. As when spring
The chariots from the starting post, on steeds
That beat his own the charioteer doth press,
Spurning those he's past, pacing with the hindmost.
Hence 'tis that rarely any we can find
Who'll say he has lived happy, or from life
When the time's up, will like a sated guest
Content, retire—Enough, I'll add no more,
Lest thou think I've robbed blear-eyed Crispin's desk.

ANACREON.

ODE 1.

TO HIS HARP.

 O sing, Atrides, I desire,
 Of Cadmus too I wish to sing,
 But forth from out its strings my lyre
 Love only keepeth echoing.

I changed withal the chords but late,
 And with them too my harp's whole state ;
 Sing toils Herculean I, too, fain,
 Resounded loves my harp again.
 Heroes, henceforth for me farewell !
 For loves alone the lyre will tell.

ANACREON.

ODE 43.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.



GRASSHOPPER! happy deem we thee,
 As on the summit of a tree,
 When sipt hast thou
 A little dew,
 Just like a king
 Then dost thou sing.
 For thine these things all be
 Whate'er in fields dost see,
 And what the seasons bring.
 The peasant's friend art thou,
 Of none aught injuring;
 Of mortals honor'd too,
 Sweet prophet of the spring!
 And love the muses thee;
 Loves Phœbus' self, for he
 Bestow'd that hymning clear.
 Old age not thee doth wear,
 Wise, earth-born thou, that song dost love,
 Free from suffering,
 Bloodless-flesh'd thing,
 Almost thou'rt like the gods above.

TO ANACREON.

MAY crested ivy round thee grow,
 The mead's soft purple flowrets shine ;
 May earth with white milk gushing flow,
 And pour thee sweet and fragrant wine ;
 That thy dust Anacreon be glad,
 If joy indeed can touch the dead.
 Loved one ! that to thy cherished lyre
 Cleaving fondly, with love and song
 Didst gaily float thy whole life along.

Anthology. Antipater Sidonius.

DRINK with me, like me be young, now
 Love with me, and crown thy brow ;
 And be but mad with maddened me,
 And I'll be wise with wiser thee.

Anthology. Anonym.

SOV'REIGN Jove, things good, that we do or do
 not pray,
 Grant us. And the ill, though we pray for, drive away.


Anthology. Anonym.

I WAS young, but poor ; rich am now, but old ;
 O, of all sole wretched in either case,
 Who then, when enjoy I could, nought did hold ;
 And now, when can I not enjoy, possess.

Anthology. Anonym.

REALITY AND ILLUSION.

FROM THE GERMAN.


 ULL often torture us ye do,
 Ye over sticklers for the true ;
 Foes to our peace full oft are ye
 The while you will our teachers be.
 Us who bade ye rob of error,
 Our heart holdeth yet with pleasure,
 Which how so warmly we believe
 Will less of harm than profit give ?
 He'd be with half the world at war
 Who'd out the world all fancy draw.
 Most of the species of delight
 Exist but through our glimm'ring sight.
 In fight, the hero what thinks he ?
 That first of heroes he will be ;
 Yet let him pleased himself esteem,
 His courage thence not faileth him.
 Go, ask Adelaide what thinks she ?
 'Tis :—" Truly loves my husband me."
 She's wrong, yet grudge her not her joy,
 But the poor woman leave thereby.
 What doth the spouse of Lisette deem ?
 Chastity's self she seems to him.
 He's wrong ; myself would wager so,
 Yet mum ! though you too better know.
 The sage in writing what thinks on ?
 " The court reads, honours me the town,"

He errs. Yet him in error leave,
If in the thought he pleasure have.
Throughout the life of man enquire
What doth to mighty deeds inspire?
What doth our peace our comfort make?
Full oft a dream, a sweet mistake.
Enough therein that feel do we,
Though thousand times it seeming be.
Should all illusion disappear
To be a man full sad it were.

Gellert. Fabeln. Der Süsse Traum.

KING OF THULE.



HERE was in Thule once a king,
 Yea faithful to the grave,
 Unto whom his love when dying
 A golden beaker gave.

Nor aught there was he did so prize,
 Drained it each feasting bout,
 And aye the tears came to his eyes
 Oft as he drank thereout.

And when he came at point to die
 Counts the towns of his realm,
 All to his heir gave willingly,
 The beaker not the same.

He sat at the banquet royal,
 His knights around him be;
 There in his high ancestral hall
 The castle by the sea.

And there stood the aged soaker
 Drank off his last life's glow,
 And hurled then the holy beaker
 Down to the flood below.

He watched and saw it plunge and drink
 And sink deep in the sea,
 And his eyes gradual closing sink,
 Nor more a drop drank he.

Goethe's Faust.

THE OAK AND THE BULRUSH.



H' Oak to the Bulrush said one day,
 "Complain of nature well you may,
 "A wren is burden sore to you,
 "And lightest wind that ever blew.
 "That wrinkleth o'er the water's face,
 "Obliges you your head abase;
 "The while my tow'ring brow that vies
 "With Caucasus, doth not alone
 "Block the rays of the noon-tide sun,
 "But tempest's utmost wrath defies;
 "While all is northern blast to you
 "Seems zephyr all to me. If now
 "Beneath my shelt'ring boughs you'd been
 "That cover all around, you'd then
 "Fear less, from storm I'd screen you so,
 "But on dank borders chiefly grow
 "Of the wind's gusty realms you do.
 "Unjust hath nature to my mind
 "Been to you." "Doth from temper kind"
 Replied the shrub, "your pity spring,
 "But leave that care, less danger bring
 "To me the winds than unto you,
 "I bend and break not: hitherto
 "With back unflinching you've upstaid
 "Against their fiercest strokes of dread,
 "But wait until the end we see."
 While yet these words was speaking he,

With fury from th' horizon's ends
Did the most dread of children come,
The North had borne within her womb.
The tree stands stiff, the bulrush bends,
Doubly doth the wind perséver,
And with such prosp'rous endeavour
He roots up him whose head was neighbour to the sky,
And whose feet to the empire of the dead reachéd nigh.

La Fontaine. Book i. Fable 22.



NOTES.

NOTE 1, Page 29, Stanza 1. *Themselves threw*

INCLINE to think this in the original is meant emphatically ‘themselves,’ and the language of one who considered the body the principal, the soul but secondary; a sentiment intimately connected with the notions the Greeks entertained of a future state. Perhaps the reader will excuse my transcribing what I had written for another purpose, but which may serve by way of Note to this passage. Perhaps nothing in the Christian scheme came so immediately home to the hearts of the Pagan population of Greece and Rome as its confident announcement of a future state—the “hope of eternal life.” The contrast to their own religion on this point must have been striking. The Pagan’s hopes, whatever his fears might be, were practically limited to this life. And if the belief in Tartarus gave them occasional alarm, the idea seems not to have been very definite, while from their dreary Elysium they shrank with almost equal repugnance. Achilles speaks the common sentiment of Greek Paganism in his answer to Ulysses :—

Μὴ δὲ μοι θάνατόν γε παραύδα, φαίδιμ' Ὀδυσσεῦ·
 Βουλοίμην κ' ἐπάρουρος ἐὼν θητευέμεν ἄλλῃ
 Ἄνδρ' ἢ παρ' ἀκλήρῳ, ὃ μὴ βίοςτος πολὺς εἴη,
 *Ἡ πᾶσιν νεκύεσσι καταφθιμένουσιν ἀνάσσειν.

Odyss. Lib. xi. l. 486 et seq.

Talk not of death to me famed Ulysses,
 I'd rather be a serf and serve for hire
 Some poor man, whose means of life were but scant,
 Than over all the dead defunct hold rule.

To them the best of life was on this side the grave, beyond it but a shadow peopled with shadows. For a modern would ill enter into an ancient's feelings, if he regard their Hades with our sentiments of the separate existence of the soul and of its capabilities apart from the body. With us the body is the husk (to be changed for one more glorious) with them it was the substance. The ψυχαί of the Homeric heroes were hurried to Hades, 'themselves' the dogs and wild birds seized as prey: αὐτοὺς δ' ἐλάρια τεῦχε κύνεσσιν, οἰωνοῖσι τε πᾶσι.

It were not too much to say that in substance the Mythology of Greece and Rome did not teach a future life for man, and that it was roundly so considered. For proof of this, besides the circumstance of the immortality of the soul being so connected with the names of certain philosophers as to show it belonged to individuals, not to the system, and therefore not the popular creed; there is the passage in Lucan's Pharsalia, where this is all but stated in totidem verbis. Apostrophizing the Druids, he says:—

*Solis nosse deos, et cæli numina vobis,
 Aut solis nescire datum, nemora alta remotis
 Qui colitis lucis. Vobis auctoribus umbræ
 Non tacitas Erebi sedes, Ditisque profundi
 Pallida regna petunt: regit idem spiritus artus
 Orbe alio: longæ (canitis si cognita) vitæ
 Mors media est. Certe populi, quos despicit Arctos,
 Felices errore suo, quos ille timorum
 Maximus, haud urget leti metus. Inde ruendi
 In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
 Mortis: et ignavum reditura parcere vitæ.*

Lucani Pharsal. lib. i. v. 452-62.

To you alone to know the gods, and powers
Of Heaven 'twas given or alone not know, ye
Who the tall woods worship in secret groves.
The shades, as ye report, the silent seats
Of Erebus and pale realms of deep Dis
Not visit, but the self-same spirit rules
The limbs in another world. Of long life,
If with knowledge sing ye, Death's but mid-point.
In sooth the folk, on whom looks Aretos down,
Are happy in their error, whom of fears
That chief one troubles not, the fear of death.
Thence to rush on steel the men's minds be prompt,
And souls capable of death; deeming base
Be niggard of a life that will return.

Here it is apparent that the hope of a life to come, maintained by the Druids, was a prominent feature of distinction between their creed and that of the poet's countrymen. Hence the difficulty with the philosophers of Athens, when St. Paul preached the resurrection of the dead to them. Hence the rebuke of Festus on a similar occasion. In fine the pagan scheme of Greece and Rome regarded this life alone. The Christian scheme brought them tidings of the life to come. A mighty element of progress, humanly speaking, for the latter. Might not the difficulty of converting the Saxons have been increased by their having an enthusiastic hope of another life already, impairing in their eyes pro tanto the magnitude of the Christian promise? May not the slow progress of our faith among the Hindoos have some connection with this? The Platonists, it is true, ranked the soul's immortality among their tenets, but not with the confidence of the Druid or the Hindoo. They embraced the Christian faith as realizing what on that point they had before but suspected, and suspected so feebly that I doubt if it ever were more than a speculative opinion. Not many would, like the Hindoo or the Druid, have staked

their lives on it. It were a nice enquiry to trace the influence of this ignorance of a future state on the manners and conduct of the two classic nations of antiquity. It is easy to picture an individual without this hope, but to frame distinct notions of a nation without it, is hard for those in modern Europe, brought up among a people where this important dogma has a real hold on the minds of the community.

In the above passage from Lucan, it will be observed that at the commencement of the third line Bentley's reading is adopted. The vulgar reading being confessedly unsatisfactory on the score of sense, though whichever be preferred, the application of the passage here is equally the same.

NOTE 2, Page 39, Stanza 31. *Yea, by this sceptre*

The reader, unacquainted with Greek, may not be displeased to know that our word 'sceptre' which we only know as an emblem of authority comes from that language, where its primary signification is 'staff,' from *σκήπτω* to lean, and its secondary an emblem of authority, a sceptre. Of the importance attached to which, the passage before us is one instance, and the elaborate account of that of Agamemnon, Iliad, book 2, is another. The word does not appear, at least in poetry, ever to have lost its original simple signification of walking-stick or staff. And Homer employs it in both senses. Probably in those simple times the instrument performed both functions, and the monarch's walking-stick was also his sceptre, and only a sceptre because its owner was not a private man. In the following passage from the soliloquy of Adrastus in Ion, the two meanings are marked with classic precision.

He must fall,
Or the great sceptre, which hath sway'd the fears
Of ages, will become a common staff

For youth to wield, or age to rest upon,
Despoil'd of all its virtues. Ion, act ii. sc. 1.

The Hebrew שֶׁטֶף shevet, would seem to have similarly stood for a staff, and also for an emblem of authority—a sceptre. As a staff at 2 Samuel, ch. 24, v. 21, and, according to Buxtorff, at what answers to Exodus, ch. 21, v. 19, of our version. And as an emblem of authority, Genesis, ch. 49, v. 10, of our version, with which Buxtorff concurs in rendering the word ‘sceptre.’ Indeed the duality of expression, by which I mean the emphatic enunciation of nearly identical propositions in different words, so conspicuous in the poetic portion of the Hebrew Scriptures, and which prevails almost throughout this prophecy of Jacob, would be broken by any interpretation that did not identify it with an emblem of the dispensing laws and administration of justice. In substance the very account which Achilles in the passage above gives of the functions of the sceptre. In the sense of sceptre, the word occurs also Psalm 45, v. 6, of our version, Amos, ch. 1, v. 5, and Ezekiel, ch. 19, v. 14.

NOTE 3, Page 44, Stanza 46.

And doth his mother pray with outspread hands.

The posture of prayer among the Ancient Greeks appears to have been after the oriental fashion, so far at least as regards the position of the hands; which were not closed together as with us, but extended and spread out. So among the Jews. For in Exodus, ch. 9, v. 29, 33, ‘spread abroad’ the hands is used to express the act of prayer. So in that magnificent account of the dedication of the Temple, 2 Chronicles, ch. 6, we find at verse 5 that Solomon stood before the altar in the presence of the congregation of Israel and “spread forth his hands.” Our opposite practice of joining the hands together in supplication, whence comes it? Is it derived from the form of Homage of the Feudal

system, in which the vassal, kneeling down before his lord, joined his hands together and placed them within his lord's, repeating "I become your man" "*Jeo deveigne vostre home*," &c.? Or were the homage formulæ borrowed from some earlier ceremonial in the religion of the people who introduced it? The following account of the ceremony from Littleton's Tenures, Lib. 2, ch. i, § 1, may not be unacceptable to the non-professional reader. I give Coke's version as the racy old Law French might find little favour with some:—"Homage is the most honourable service, and most humble service of reverence that a frank tenant may do to his lord. For when the tenant shall make homage to his lord, he shall be ungirt, and his head uncovered, and his lord shall sit, and the tenant shall kneele before him on both his knees, and hold his hands joyntly together betweene the hands of his lord, and shall say thus: I become your man from this day forward, of life and limbe, and of earthly worship, and unto you shall be true and faithfull, and beare to you faith for the tenements that I claime to hold of you, saving the faith that I owe unto our soveraigne lord the king; and then the lord so sitting shall kisse him."

Of course the saving of faith was only applicable where the homage was to a mesne lord, and not where it was to the lord paramount, as in the case of tenants in capite. As to the concluding part of the ceremony the Editors of Co. Litt. append a note from Hale's MSS. from which it appears that in 18 Henry VI. there was a special act of parliament to excuse the kissing in the case of homage made to the king by reason of pestilence.

NOTE 4, Page 49, Stanza 62. *The cups did
auspicate.*

I trust to be excused for coining a word by Anglicising the Latin expression for the Greek. I knew of no one word,

in our language that answered it, and to have endeavoured to give it by way of paraphrase seemed awkward, and involved dwelling longer on this, compared with other parts of the affair, than our poet has done in the original, and so have marred the symmetry of the narrative. The ceremony according to some (for there is great difference of opinion upon the passage) appears to have been to commence by pouring out a little by way of libation, in honour of the gods, and then handing the cups round to the guests from left to right. For this the Latin expression it would seem was *auspicari poculis*, and the Greek *ἐπαρχέσθαι δειπάεσσι*. Heyne however is against the libation, observing that the guests performed that for themselves.

NOTE 5, Page 55, Stanza 79. *Borne along*

Observe ‘borne’ not ‘fill,’ *φερέμεν*, for Vulcan might predicate of himself and his fellows, as Moloch in the *Paradise Lost* :—

In our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat : descent and fall
To us is adverse.

The expression becomes highly significant of the force with which the luckless deity was hurled through the air, a force that in a whole day had not spent itself when he pitched in Lemnos.

NOTE 6, Page 57. *First dipt oars, &c.*

‘*Imbuit*’ seems to imply a first immersion, and ‘*equor*,’ originally used to denote a smooth surface, whether of water or land, has here I think much of its primitive sense ; and appropriately, as the ship would of course be launched in fair weather and smooth water.

‘*Impotentia*’ I have rendered ‘baffled’ in preference to

‘powerless,’ as the latter word merely negatives power, while the former seems expressive of power exerted in vain.

NOTE 7, Page 62.

Whom din delights and helmets light

Some take ‘*leves*’ for smooth, polished, then read ‘whom din and polished helms delight.’

If ‘*leves*’ be light, it may be either that the Moors wore such, or what if it be light as to their seeming—the active warrior moving his head with briskness as if the helmet were no weight to him? and so would be an epithet something in the style of Homer’s *κορυθαίολος*, if the latter is to be understood of the rapid movement of the helmet.

NOTE 8, Page 64.

Who swimming monsters tearless saw.

Some read ‘*fixis oculis*’—unmoved. But if what is told of the Neopolitan Mariners be true, of their weeping and wailing when the storm masters them, ‘*siccis oculis*’ will be pretty significant. For there is no reason to suppose their predecessors to have had the advantage of them in this particular. The ‘*sauve qui peut*’ principle would seem to have operated very strongly on the ships’ crews. Of which we have a remarkable instance in the Acts, where, but for St. Paul’s timely warning, the ship would have been abandoned by the sailors.

NOTE 9, Page 66. *Where thou the same dispose.*

The interpretation of Franciscus Luisinus has been adopted, taking ‘*talis*’ for an adjective: an interpretation praised by Baxter, and approved by Gesner. The translator, however, is very far from questioning, with the latter, either the conviviality, or the poetic vein of those who impugn it.

NOTE 10, Page 95.

Grasshopper, happy deem we thee.

Those who consider the Cicala, and not the grasshopper, to be the subject of this ode may substitute the following for the first line :—

‘Cicala, blissful deem we thee.’

Cowper, in a note on that passage in the Iliad, book 3, where Priam and his aged companions are compared to grasshoppers, asserts the insect to be the Cicala. The latter is, I am told, a kind of moth, and in shape widely differing from the grasshopper, has six legs, and cannot hop. It locates in trees, which the common grasshopper does not, and possesses the gift of “hymning clear” in great perfection, as appears from the following extract on the subject, out of a friend’s letter to the translator :—“I was speaking of “them the other day to a friend of mine, who was with His Majesty, Charles Albert, during the war in Lombardy, “where these insects particularly abound. He told me the “King often had high mass performed before his army. “On such occasions the greatest silence prevailed among “the men, yet so numerous and so noisy were the cicalas, “that they often nearly drowned the voice of the officiating “priest. He also said that a friend of his had a villa there “in which it was almost impossible to stay during the “month of June for the same reason.”

THE END.



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